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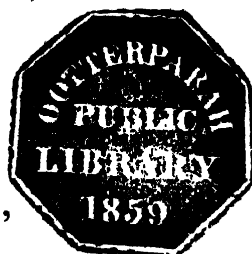
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RETROSPECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN:

BEING THE ANTECEDANTS OF FREEMAN, OF THE 76TH B. N. I., RELATED BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XIX.

The two powers which had gradually absorbed the Mussulman rulers of India, were now to meet upon the vacant space that was bounded to the north by the Sutlej, the classic battle-ground of a hundred fights from the days of the Mahabharata, to the last struggles of the Pathans. Stung to madness by the gradual concentration of British forces, and by the haughty tone of the British Press, the Khalsa Prætorians were ripe for the wholesale vengeance of their desperate Government. They crossed the Sutlej on the 11th December, and on the 18th they were met and driven back at Moodkee by the British Army, which had marched from Umballa, a distance of 150 miles, since the invasion became known.

An Army in History is an individuality; viewed from within, during the actual period of its existence, it is a mass of separate, sometimes conflicting interests. I am not writing the well-known story of the Campaign, and have merely to trace the fortunes of those individuals who had a bearing on my own life.

Cox Bloxam's ludicrous complaints of the hardships of campaigning had become a standard source of amusement in the camp. He had joined from one of the Hill stations—where he had remained on sick leave to the last moment, flirting and gambling—and reached the Army a few days too late to have been present at the battle of Firozeshuhr. Under all these circumstances it was but natural that there should have existed a pretty general want of confidence in his courage, which, coupled with the notorious fact that he had

never passed the Riding School, raised such serious misgivings, that the late spendthrift favourite of Cantonments found himself of very little account amid the stern scenery of actual warfare. However he was by no means thin of skin, and, if he perceived the change of feeling towards himself, the fact did but increase the reckless-openness with which he paraded his views of the subject.

But the feeling operated, even in the highest quarters, and when he and his Regiment were detached with Cureton's Brigade under Sir H. Smith, it was deemed expedient to leave him in charge of a part of the baggage; which baggage, it is unnecessary to remind those who were present at Buddiwal, was lost, and a good deal of blame thrown (whether rightly or not) on the shoulders of the already unpopular Bloxam.

On the night after that skirmishing march, he dined with some of the officers of our corps, (which was also a part of General Smith's division) at the mess of the — Cavalry who had been stationed at Loodiana. He was louder in his complaints than usual, and instead of affecting a zeal for fighting that he could not really feel, he firmly protested that he was the victim of a swindle. "He had not come out to vis countroy," he asserted, "to be knocked about from place to place, forced to live in tents and drink beer; and even to get dusty and heated, and have to do ve sword exercise wio fewocious Sikhs, who would take every advantage of a fello."

"Why it was only vis morning," he said, "vat I spoiled twee pairs of white gloves, troying to contwol vat beast of a Waler on Pawade."

Hardiman, who was as brave as a Red-Indian, and besides had a grudge against Bloxam, on account of myself and Miss O., could not restrain his sarcastic indignation.

"Can't you exchange as a Cornet?" he asked with a marked sneer, which was reflected, I believe, on most of the countenances round the table.

"I don't know what ve devil you mean by vat, Major," answered Cox, with great quietness; "is it cheek?"

"Anything you please my little dear," rejoined the Major, getting rather red in the face.

"Vewy well," replied Cox, amidst the silence of the company, who were at a loss to think what he would do. "I see you've got on a nice clean shirt-fwont, and I don't wish to dirty it, so perhaps you'll be good enough to consider vis glass of clawet fwown in your face."

He sate still, playing with his full wine-glass, which he presently emptied into the "Monteith" that stood by his plate. A storm of interference gradually rose. Most admired Bloxam's unexpected spirit, and blamed Hardiman for having provoked him at a mess, where they were both guests. But the Major insisted on an apology, which the other refused to give, and left the Tent. They were both immediately placed under arrest, and not released till a promise had been exacted from them by their respective Commanding Officers, not to take any steps till the conclusion of the campaign.

A few days after came the battle of Aliwal. The enemy had been firing some time, and our Infantry were formed, and anx-

iously expecting the order to charge, when a Dragoon Officer was seen to emerge from the Cavalry Brigade on the left. As he approached, he was recognized to be Cox Bloxam, struggling, in a most unworkmanlike manner, with his shewy, but ill-broken Waler. The horse, unused to work, and sharing the timidity of his race, was in a state of excitement fast becoming ungovernable, from the noise, bustle, and general novelty of the scene. As he neared our corps, Bloxam perceived the Major, and waved a laced pocket-handkerchief (no doubt highly scented) with some words which were inaudible. His horse shied at the movement of the white object, and fairly urged to madness, threw up his head with a wild snort, and wheeling round, flew with his unfortunate rider, into the midst of the enemy's line.

After the battle Cox Bloxam's body was found, fearfully mangled, and lying *under* his horse; another instance of the evils which sometimes attend a man who rises into a sphere of life for which he was not fit. He had entered the Army, because he thought it befitting his fortune to flaunt for a year or two in a Dragoon uniform, and intending to retire in a few years with a pair of moustaches, and the well-earned title of Captain. The order to join his Corps had taken him by surprize, but who dare impute to him any real intention of selling out? His bold conduct towards so notorious a fire-eater as Hardiman, coupled with the circumstances under which he met with his end, are sufficient to disprove such a calumny. It appears that he had himself sought and obtained temporary employment on the personal staff of the Brigadier, and was crossing the enemy's fire, to deliver a message in a distant part of the field, when the accident occurred, which proved so fatal.

CHAPTER XX.

In the meantime I was unconsciously pursuing the tenor of my way from Calcutta as fast as the state of the country would permit me. Nor was this any great rate of speed; owing to the sudden demand for bearers by Officers of rank and influence, all on their way to join the Army. I was frequently left whole nights in bungalows or serais, to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies. Of these the latter certainly preponderated; yet I hope the day may never come when I shall be so ungrateful as to forget that long, lonely dawk trip, and its salutary results. Heartily sick of the life I had been lately leading, all my thoughts bent upon rendering myself worthy of Agnes's love, and of overcoming the obstacles which seemed to oppose my obtaining it, I passed through the preliminary steps of that mental self-discipline, which I believe to be, to many, the moral and the privilege of Indian life. I saw that there was one point upon which there was no doubt; spite of Hardiman's sophistries, (or perhaps owing to them,) I felt certain that there was no tampering with the laws of *duty;* that whatever might be the minor difficulties of Religion,

the moral guidance of man must be the only adequate object of Revelation. I looked forward therefore with impatience to the prospect of joining the regiment before the war should be concluded; the heavy fears of death that had begun to cloud my thoughts, gave way to a vague but ardent hope, that I might be permitted at least one opportunity of realizing my kind old guardian's last lesson, and distinguishing myself, as well as a subaltern could do so, by a conscientious discharge of duty.

At length, about the beginning of February, I reached Sobraon. No one who has been much used to war, can imagine how shocked I was at all I saw. My late merry-hearted companions turned into moody, reckless gladiators; the muscles of each man's face hard set; their persons neglected; their language abrupt and fierce. Even the placid and cynical Major was altered; the inaction of the several past weeks had told on his spirits no less than the awful death of the man whom he had wantonly outraged, and who had died in enmity with him. Always a hard liver, he had given way, more deeply than any around him, to the fatal solace of the brandy-bottle; morning, noon and night was that body-and-soul-destroying demon by his right hand; his appearance and manner were totally changed. The polished and sarcastic sensualist had given place to a blood-shot, querulous greybeard, and the night before the attack he was seized with those unmistakeable horrors which people the ruined brain of the drunkard. Visions of unspeakable terror seemed to pass before him; the assistance of three powerful gunners from a neighbouring battery was necessary to restrain his delirious struggling, and the medical man was inclined to send him into hospital. Towards morning however a change ensued; he fell asleep, and the good Doctor, coming to look at him for the last time, said to me, "Ye may ashume the recovery of a patient in this disorder from his going to sleep; so I'll just let him go into action the morn. I know him of old, mon," said he, observing how astonished I looked: "a little fighting 'ull put him straight sooner than onything. A wush ye gude night."

The plan of attack at Sobraon is well known. My gallant relative, Sir Robert Dick, "went" in at their west-angle, with the pluck of "an old Westminster," fitly rewarded by a soldier's grave on the field of victory. The division in which I was, occupied the trying posture of a reserve, trying enough to a young hand like myself, and not less so when it was reported that Sir Harry himself had said, (not without a genial expletive) that he'd "never been on reserve without knowing he had to prepare for a hard day's fighting." So it proved on this eventful day. The left wing finding a more stubborn resistance than they had anticipated, and the fire of our artillery waxing feeble, our division was ordered to charge. During the morning, Hardiman's behaviour had been unusually nervous and excitable; his servant had been (perhaps injudiciously,) kept out of the way, that he might have the less chance of getting at his favourite stimulant; and on the order to charge being brought to the Colonel, to our surprise and

dismay, we saw the Major with one wild gaze forward, turn his horse's head the other way. There was no time for conversation; we advanced in the face of a roaring fire from the enemy's entrenchments. All fear was forgotten, when just as we neared the battery to which we were opposed, I felt a sting like the lash of a whip, and fell senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER XXI.

I AWOKE one morning in a small close room, (it was at Ferozepore,) to learn that the British Army, after gaining the battle at Sobraon, had crossed the Sutlej, and were in possession of Lahore. That Major Hardiman had been permitted to save his commission by going into the Invalids; and that the Governor General, at the request of the kind-hearted Old Chief who had taken such a whimsical interest in a mere stranger, had promised that I should be one of the Resident's Assistants during the year that it was settled we were to remain to support the Government of the Punjab. This was a fresh motive to perseverance in that course of earnest striving to the Right that I had resolutely adopted; here was a new field of action open to me, one in which I had a better chance of distinction, in perhaps a more intellectual way than in the profession to which I more especially belonged. Here, too, was an instance,—the first, as I ungratefully called it,—in which I had owed anything to personal kindness.

So I hastened to Lahore, took charge of my appointment, and spent upwards of a year and a half amid the stirring scenes which marked the "Decline and Fall" of that ill-omened empire. A profligate aristocracy, a crushed and despoiled peasantry, and the lowest intrigues of a barbarian court, did not, you may be sure, increase my admiration of that living without rule, which had once been, as it were, my own rule of life. Separated from the influences of my Regiment, often left utterly without an European companion in the various duties of the out-stations,—here pacifying a village, there expostulating with a Sirdar, I learned self-reliance; I ceased to think the opinion of "the world" all-important (*scil.* the white world) and I got an insight into the intrinsic principles of human nature. And out of that strange medley of associations came, I trust, some portion of respect both for myself and others. Nor was I without my sources of personal enjoyment, though the event indeed, for which I had been so long prepared, occurred; poor Edith Eversfield died an inmate of the Convent of Funchal.

But the rest of my news from "Home" was cheering. Dr. Warren was as hearty as ever; the Copes were comfortably settled in clerical and matrimonial happiness at Soorujnugger, Mrs. C. promising to rank her husband among the giants whose quivers are full; Sir S. Dashwood had been nearly ruined, it was true, by his connection with the "London and Stanneries" during the panic of '45, but misfortune had softened his heart;

Lionel had been forgiven, and was on the point of returning to his father, and—to any one else whom it might concern; having become a partner in Frazer's house, and laid the foundation of one of those fortunes which still grow up here and there in the Tropics with such rapid vegetation.

Blackhurst remained unprofaned by the residence of the stranger, the Tuftos continuing to reside in London, and leave the estate to Abud's management. That gentleman was mysterious, shook his head, said "he, for his part, was free to confess he should not be surprized at any thing that should turn up, however unparliamentary,—he would say unexpected."

Things were thus with me: I was calm, if not happy; when, a very few weeks before the troubles at Mooltan, and the breaking out of the second Punjab war, I was sent, with a detachment of Durbar troops, to receive some arrears of rent from a refractory chief, by name Zalim Sing, the Sirdar of a small district, called Khalsabad.

CHAPTER XXII.

The town of Khalsabad is situated at the foot of the lower Himalayas, and consists of one dirty and irregular street, through which runs a mountain stream. It contains about thirty houses, the residence of Mahajuns, who minister to the simple wants of the mountaineers who come down from the interior to barter their honey, spices, &c., against the necessaries of life, and the means of paying their rents; for which latter accommodation the brokers do not fail to make them pay through the nose. Large indeed must be the profit that would induce any one Hindoo or European to reside in a spot which possesses neither the bracing air of the Hills, nor the honest open heat of the plains. The beautiful mountain scenery which surrounds the place, reflects the rays of the sun; and the atmosphere during the day is like the interior of an oven. At night cold tempestuous winds arise which add to the unhealthiness of the place, and the sallow, enervated appearance of the inhabitants. Here a man, who had risen from the humble post of Peon in the Jummoo family, had been enabled, during the scramble that occurred after the death of the one-eyed Lion, to establish himself in a small but strong fort, on a neighbouring hill, from whence he overawed the town, and collected the rents of the Pergunnah, paying when compelled, and living otherwise, much at his ease.

My campaign against this redoubted chief was neither long nor very arduous, and whatever chance of becoming a C. B. I may have had, was lost, owing to my not having (as you have long since discovered) a "powerful pen."

The old chief himself, indeed, was *hors de combat* from the beginning,—too fat and too lazy for fighting; and his business, both warlike and negotiative, was transacted by one Yussaf Khan, a Mussulman leader, of whom but little was known, except that he availed himself, to the fullest al-

lowable extent, of the somewhat dubious privilege of his faith in the matter of matrimony; and that he drilled the troops after the European fashion. Finding all attempts at negotiation unsuccessful, without the identical sum of which we were in search, this worthy came out, and did battle with both skill and courage. Gradually driven up the straggling street of the village—for our superior numbers, equipments, and discipline had served to render it but a running sort of fight from the first—the defenders of Khalsabad took refuge in their fort, and contrived to shut the doors in our faces before we could follow them in. Night fell, and I determined on my plan of operations. About three in the morning, when "deep sleep falleth on men," we got up a bag of powder unperceived, and fixed it to the gate; those of my men who had been told off for the assault, gradually crept up, the powder was fired, bang went the gate, and the next minute we were streaming in, and engaged hand to hand with the startled and half-dressed garrison. In five minutes all was over; but the Singh had escaped in the confusion, with the flower of his men.

When the wounded of either party had been made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, I looked out for quarters, and sate down to take a chuppatty and a cigar, and meditate upon a despatch to the Resident, acquainting him with my proceedings. I also desired the Native Officer of the party to see if he could find any person of distinction in the Fort, with whom I might make some temporary arrangements till I should receive farther instructions from Lahore. He presently made his appearance, and informed me that Yussuf Khan was amongst the wounded, and had got his bed brought outside the door, requesting the honour of an interview. Of course I ordered him to be at once admitted; the door was opened, and a charpoy introduced, on which lay a remarkably powerful, fair-faced man, with prodigious beard and whiskers. He made a somewhat awkward salaam, considering the proverbial grace of the Mahommedan gentry, and asked if I would mind seeing him alone? I requested the people around me to withdraw, which they very unwillingly did, and turning to the wounded chief, begged him to speak his mind quickly, as I had a good deal to do. Judge of my surprise when he pulled off his turban, and sitting up, accosted me in English with the words—

"Don't you know me, Squire?"

It was Joseph Baker.

"Rascal and renegade," I cried, "what are you doing here? Taken to fighting against the government of your country; you know your fate?—a short shrift and a long halter."

"Why, it aint the value of life," said the wretched man; "but I don't think that fighting against your Durbar could be twisted into quite the same thing as fighting against the Queen, God bless her. But nothing's gone well with me since I left England. Just then was that business in Calcutta. Lord bless you, Master Charles, I didn't go for to hurt you, my pistol then wasn't loaded, or do ye think I'd have let you fire at me? But I was starving, sir, mayhap you don't know what that is.

After that the Police got on a hot scent of me, so I took wing, and came away towards Lahore, where I heared as there was something going on. The long and short of it was that I got employment under the Sheikhs in Cashmere, on condition of turning Mussulman; so I got off, having to march against the British Army, which indeed, sir, I wouldn't have done to save my life, and got a house full of brandy. But my usual luck attended me, the Sheikhs got kicked out of Cashmere, and I went over to Golab Sing. He didn't want me, so made me over to Master Zalim, the cowardly beggar who has left me here to die like a dog. But time is short, sir, and I have much to say to you; and I dare say your men are looting my crib by this time."

"I dare say they are," said I, "but what is that to me?"

"Very little I've no doubt, but it does matter something if you know'd all. Leastways you've no right for to allow plundering at all." (This was undoubtedly true, his low wit had been a match for me, and I instantly summoned my second in command, Lieutenant Bahadoor Singh.)

"But there's more than that to do. If you'll have the kindness, sir, to order my boxes to be brought, I'll make a shift to explain myself betwixt whiles. Damn that cowardly nigger who shot me from behind a pillar. I'm cursed faint, Master Charles."

"I've no Doctor, Joe," said I, relenting in spite of myself, "but there are a few common medicines in this chest......"

"Medicines be blowed," cried he; "if you'll give me a drop of brandy, I may hold on long enough; but make haste."

Here the Lieutenant entered, and Joe, adjusting his turban, sank back on his couch. I issued the requisite instructions, and he departed to see them carried out. I looked at the wounded man growing paler every instant, and could not decide; till his glazing eye shewed there was no time for hesitation; so, bringing the bottle and a tumbler, I approached the side of the bed. He grasped them madly, and raising himself on his elbow, instantaneously filled and emptied the whole glass. As his strength returned with the stimulus, he renewed his speech.

"That's the only thing ever does me any good, and it's time it did, for I've a notion it's done me about as much harm as a thing could. I was always a bad lot, up to any thing that was anywise wicked, and I tried all I could to make others as bad as myself. There was no village schools, sir, when I was a boy, and the Parsons, I'm thinking wasn't all they should be; however that's past, a many years agone, isn't it? So as I was a telling you, and you may have heard before, a pretty good hand I made of spoiling them all round, lasses as well as lads. But there was one Lankester, lived clerk at Lawyer Abud's as I got on with uncommon, being fond of his glass both with the g. and without, and a great buck o' Sundays. From one thing to another he and I got very thick, and many a lark we had together, which I need not to talk about them now.

"One day, sir, our young lady, she were always after something out of the way you know." I waved my hand. "She sends for

two of the servants for to witness her signature. Mr. Abud had been sitting with her, and we knowed it was her will. So up I went up, along of another cove, for the most of the servants was gone up to town, as she were not a-going to live at the Place any more, (leastwise so she said). Before we left the room, she says to the Lawyer, says she, " Now, Mr. Abud, you'll take this, and keep it in your office with the title deeds and cetterer, and try and forget all about it," says she, as sweet as she always spoke.

" Madam," says he, " you may rely upon me for both particulars, and made a long speech about his never betraying a client's confidence, because he never remembered any think, and so on, (which was true enough,) and we were sent out of the room while he was still on his legs as he used to call it. Off goes I to Stagnum, to the office, and there, as luck would have it, I found Sam Lankester all alone by himself. In a few words I told him what had happened, and " Sam," says I, " I should like to have five minutes' look at that there Will."

" Is it to steal it," says he, " and what for ?"

" Why, partly for curiosity," says I ; " but don't you see, Sam, if we knowed what was inside of that Will, we might be of great use in case of accidents. You know how careless your master is," says I, " and if you could get that Will out of the title-deed box, he's been told to forget it, and I'll bet a crown he never gives it a thought again, at least not before it's wanted. *Then*—(I mean if anythink happens to our Missus, which well it may the folks say, any time)—then *our* time comes. Master Tufto from London's the heir at law," says I to Sam, mind you, " and if she wanted him to get the property, why should she," says I, " have taken the trouble to make a Will ? So we may be sure the Will's in favour of some one else. That some one we must find out, and write to him," says I, only telling Sam about half as was in my mind, " without, of course, Tufto should make it worth our while to hush it up ; that way, don't ye see, we has two strings to our bow, and we can keep blazing away right and left. If we miss with one barrel, why we *must* hit with the other."

" Sam were a half-witted fool, what with conceit and drink, and he thought I was as big a green as himself. So the first time afterwards that Abud sent him (his confidential clerk, mind you !) to the Blackhurst box for to fetch a dockeyment, he prigs the Will, and brings it to my cottage on the Moor, and there we read it over in the evening." I was growing impatient. " And what has all this particularly rascally business to do with me ?"

" Don't get in a passion, Squire, and you shall hear ; but first give me another drop of Brandy."

This request being complied with, the villain proceeded.

" Sam left the Will with me, as he were afraid, like a pigeon-hearted sneak as he was, to have it in his own keeping. And all as I had thought proved true. Abud never missed the Will, Sam got hisself lagged, as I made sure he would some day or ano-[illegible] forging his master's name to [illegible]que to buy a velvet gownd for his fancy 'ooman, so he was sent across the herring-pond, and

I took the first opportunity of coming out here myself to see what I could make of my secret."

Here the arrival of Bahadoor Singh with the boxes, put a stop to the conversation.

"These were all we could find, O cherisher of your slaves," he said, and again withdrew.

Joe pointed to a green pittarah which I opened, and handing him a tin case from within, sate down to watch the result. His relaxed fingers fumbled sometime over the puzzle-lock; at length it yielded; and handing me a parchment—

"You're the Heir, Sir," he said, and fell back, in a state of complete exhaustion. In a few minutes his lips began to move; he murmured some words partly, as it seemed, in Hindoostanee; it was a gypsey prayer. Again his mind wandered.

"The fields look pleasant, Annie," he said, "but sure the river is a fire."

A shudder shook his broad frame; the limbs were violently stretched, and the robber was no more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In a corner of the Fort lay the Creole girl, scared by the noise of fighting. Brought gradually to a sense of what had happened, she recognized me, and a harrowing scene followed. She was relieved however by the very violence of her grief, and in a few days had departed for her "belle Maurice" with the property of her deceased companion, which I obtained permission to make over to her. The same despatch brought me instructions to remain at Khalsabad for the present, and settle the affairs of the Pergunnah. This was no unpleasant task; the Hill men were unsophisticated and honest, and I looked into things myself: the nominal assessment on the different holdings was lightened, the margin of the Brokers was curtailed, and Government and subjects were alike gainers. But the fearful heat and confinement of the climate, joined to the labour consequent on the settlement, proved too much for my already exhausted frame, and, ere long, I was compelled to request leave of absence. I need scarcely say that Lahore did not much restore me, and I was ordered to the Hills on sick leave.

I accordingly proceeded to the beautiful sanatarium of ——, and taking a small and retired Bungalow, turned my attention seriously to a review of my present position and future plans. I had never liked the country, and particularly abhorred the life of a soldier, which seemed to me a ceaseless alternation between the utter stagnation of cantonments, and the unholy excitements of war. But my heart was full of thoughts of Agnes. I knew that she had once loved me, and I was also aware that she was still unmarried. I was now to learn, to my unspeakable satisfaction, that she was daily expected in the station with her relative, my kind hostess of former days at Calcutta. In the meanwhile I lived a quiet life; the frivolous society of an Indian watering-place was no more to my taste than my somewhat world-worn ways would probably have been to them. I turned over

my accounts, studied the Will, (from which I found that poor Edith had left me property to the amount of about four thousand a year, the house and estate of Blackhurst included, and subject to a charge in favour of the Tuftos, and other minor legacies, for the lives of the recipients,) and wrote to Abud a complete account of what had occurred, asking his advice, and (I will confess) taxing him with the freedom of an old friend for his very culpable carelessness.

At length she came, the sweet Agnes, and I was received with a mixture of cordiality and reserve which was not at all displeasing to me. She looked pale and fragile, after her protracted exposure to the climate of India, but she had not lost her womanly strength, as I soon found in our rides and walks; and the roses of England re-visited her cheek, under the restoring influence of a congenial clime.

One beautiful evening just after the rains, we were riding by moonlight in a shady by-road. The sound of distant torrents, and the sighing of the leaves over our heads, made sweet music; to which we listened in silence. We were both orphans; alone in the world, and the grand solitudes, and the soft whisperings of the place and hour, seemed to draw our hearts one to the other.

"Agnes," I said, "I think you know how I love you; I do not pretend to offer you a maiden heart. My past history is entirely known to you, but I am wholly and singly yours."

We were married, quietly, and with but few friends about us; with hearts chastened though not broken, knit to each other, but no more to be fooled by dreams of impracticable happiness; and that same winter we returned to England, by long sea, and in a ship which was to touch at Madeira, where we did not fail to visit the Cemetery of the Convent at Funchal, and stand hand in hand by the lonely grave of the young and noble-hearted English Nun.

I trust I need not dwell long upon the Moral of my story. It is simply the tale of a young man, situated as many are, who, educated in a system of blind formulæ, finds them insufficient for the business of life. And of life in India, it may be said that it is a sort of type, or epitome of life at large, more *independent* than elsewhere, and therefore the more calculated to try the value of the soul's discipline, its convictions, feelings and principles. Thrown on his own resources at an early age, the Anglo-Indian finds himself cut off, suddenly, from all those conventional influences which, in England, surround and support the inner man. If, in a large station, he mingles much in the society of which he is a member, he finds a hard frivolity, an unhealthy restlessness, a looking for Home elsewhere than under the existing roof-tree; a perpetual and sensible change; a consequent pursuit of immediate excitement; an absence of looks, and of the interchange of original thought between sharp and highly disciplined intellects; a lack of the security of familiar institutions: if, on the other hand, he is placed, as I was at Khalsabad, in a position partly, or entirely, secluded from European intercourse, he is of course left still more to

himself. He speaks the language, and receives the impressions of idolatrous, sensual, dishonest, trifling Barbarians; happy then is the man who possesses either the apathy of settled dogmatism, or the satisfaction of rational belief.

Faith is the life of the soul; but what *is* faith? A question more for generalization than analysis. I have looked back upon my life, and I have sought for the memories of those who have influenced me most. If the qualities of benevolence and purity—("Religion," says St. James, "is to visit the fatherless in their afflictions, and to keep thyself unspotted from the world")—if these qualities have not been exclusively confined to the Professors of this or that creed, neither have I usually found them abounding amongst persons who were totally without a perception, of the truth of things spiritual that was spoken of to them by the still voice. This perception, wherever I find it, I determine to recognize as Faith, and this I will endeavour to cultivate in myself. And thus listening to the voice of conscience—"accusing or else excusing"—I shall hope to escape the Unpardonable Sin. It is a narrow mind that can be dogmatic upon any subject; and humble enquiry, beginning with an admission of ignorance, and based upon nothing but real experience, is the surest mode of resisting error, if not of arriving at truth. I fancy few men were ever convinced of anything by argument, for an expert logician can argue to demonstration on any side of almost every question. Experience on the other hand is ever expanding; we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday; surely we may be less wise than we shall become to-morrow: let us therefore make an end of dogmatizing. It was beautifully said by a man of larger vision than usually falls to the lot of mortals—and himself a consummate reasoner—"To him who is compelled to pace to and fro within the high walls, and in the narrow courtyard of a prison, all objects may appear clear and distinct. It is the traveller, journeying onward, full of heart and hope, with an ever-varying horizon, on the boundless plain, who is liable to mistake clouds for mountains, and the mirage of drought for an expanse of refreshing waters."*

It only remains to say that we live at Blackhurst, among the memories of the past. On the Downs, at the other side of Stagnum, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Dashwood (vice Warren) reside with the Baronet, whose old age is softened by his trials, and who as nearly spoils his son's children by indulgence as he did his own by harshness. Dr. Warren is hale and hearty, promising to live to as good an age as did his mother. Mr. Somes married pretty Rose, and is esteemed a sober practitioner.

FAREWELL!

* C[illegible]ge.—Biog: Literaria.

THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.*

PERHAPS there is no period of Anglo-Indian history to which our English minds revert with so deep though mournful an interest, as that which forms the groundwork of Mr. Kaye's eloquent yet most truthful narrative. Other periods may have been more glorious in themselves, more prominent in their relation to external topics, more rich in note-worthy results of divers sorts. But for chequered incident, strange vicissitudes, startling contrasts, and deep moral significance pervading the whole, there is none that we can readily compare with those few but eventful years which make up the history of British interference with the domestic politics of Afghanistan. There is none that offers the English reader such varied food for the gratification of his national pride in the very circumstances that appeal so strongly on the face of them to his sense of national shame, none that supplies the English historian with so fair a subject for the exercise of his highest skill in the very richness and confusion that impede his preliminary labours to that end, as may be gathered from that brief and stormy, but not quite inglorious episode in the drama of British progress, which the author of "Long Engagements" has here presented in its most perfect and desiderated form.

Mr. Kaye has been peculiarly successful in *his* treatment of a subject fraught with peculiar danger. The truest version of a popular tale is not always sure to be the most popular. Hume and Mitford still rule our hearts, whatever arguments a Thirlwall or a Lingard may use to subjugate our reason. We still love to look on Shakespeare's heroes with Shakespeare's eyes. In spite of the revelations of modern wisdom, Richard Crookback retains his poetical features to the last. It is only the pencil of a Macauley that makes us waver in our loyalty to Charles the first, or throws down the sanctity that once hedged in the fame of calculating Cranmer. Not all may succeed in winning the popular credence to tales at variance with popular preconceptions. The main events of Mr. Kaye's narrative had already assumed a certain clear shape and fixed meaning to the majority of British readers. The story he was going to tell anew differed in some notable points from that which Mr. Bull had been used to accept for Gospel. He had much to say which that worthy gentleman would have small pleasure in hearing; many things to set before him in a light less charming than that by which they had commonly been tested heretofore. He had some few prejudices to dispel, much ignorance to enlighten, many strange truths to reveal. There were old sores to be opened afresh; there were new wounds to be inflicted. Old friends had to appear with new faces; old notions to be corrected by new facts.

* History of the War in Afghanistan, by John William Kaye. 2 vols. London.

All this he might have done with perfect success, and yet have failed to secure a patient hearing for his new but rather distasteful version of a very popular tale. A worse difficulty remained behind. The dish he was going to set before his countrymen required some care and skill in the dressing, to make the eating of it worth his countrymen's while. The nasty truths required a piquant seasoning to ensure their ready reception in exchange for the pleasant fictions of old. Plain meats would go down but loathingly with palates accustomed to rich ragouts. There was a deep and startling interest attached to the incidents of the older drama, which people would never have foregone for all the intrinsic improvements of a later version barren of charms equivalent to those they recognised in the older drama. But no such drawback can be alleged against the repast provided for us by Mr. Kaye. His new version surpasses the old in general interest and graphic piquancy as much as it does in truthful portraiture and philosophic design. He has given us a fragment of modern history which, for fulness, accuracy, and artistic treatment, entitles him to a foremost place amongst the literary worthies of the present day.

With evident regard for historic proprieties, a clear comprehensive judgment, and fine moral instincts, our author has contrived to throw an additional charm over a subject naturally fraught with charms of no light or common-place order. He has told his story to better effect than it was ever told before. The ground we have trod so often we tread again under his guidance with heightened pleasure and renewed interest. The art of the master awakens a new emotion, reveals a new enchantment, at every step we take with him, through the old familiar scenes. We are fain to follow him to his journey's end with as lively a curiosity as though we had never gone that journey before. Favorite scenes, well-remembered features, rise up again in all their former freshness, if not always in quite their former characters. New vistas open upon our path, new wonders arrest our gaze, at points hitherto unnoticed or only half explored. The picture before us is true to nature, but it is nature in her most attractive mood. The historian's skill has done its best for the subject of his pencil. It is much to say in praise of our author's artistic merits that his volumes read as pleasantly as a new romance. Of Macauley himself it would be difficult to say much more.

Mr. Kaye has chosen his time well for fixing our attention on the work he has performed so ably. Ten years ago it could not have been written at all, not written in its present shape at least. The glories of the Ellenborough dynasty were then too fresh and prominent in people's minds to admit of calm and dispassionate scrutiny into the real causes of the foregone disasters. As humbled enemies, and punished traitors, Dost Mahomed and his gallant son could then hope for little of that moral consideration, which few men decline to render in their calmer moments to the objects of their bitterest hatred and longest hostility. The devil was still as black as his former victims had conspired to paint

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him. Tenderness for the memories of men like Elphinstone and Macnaghten shut out all kindly feeling for the abettors of a catastrophe which blindness like that of Elphinstone and Macnaghten had aided so materially to hasten, if it did not solely produce. The cause for which our enemies had taken arms was quite forgotten in the vengeance they had consequently inflicted on our hapless countrymen. The slur so cast on our military fame served to heighten our revengeful feelings against those who had only succeeded in taking the best advantage of our political errors. We were far too intent on what our gallant countrymen had done and suffered, to bestow due thought on what their enemies had foreborne to do in revenge of the suffering themselves had previously endured at our hands. To expose the real character of the past transactions, to vindicate Afghan virtue at the expense of British morality, to palliate the guilt of Afghan rebels by enlarging on the frightful blunders of British envoys and the unparalleled madness of British commanders, were projects hardly to be thought of while the Gates of Somnauth were still on the road to Agra, and the sound of the Tower guns had scarcely ceased reverberating on British ears. Even had such projects been then conceivable, it was yet open to question how far their instant execution was sanctioned by the sort of data then deemed available for instant use. For this work of Mr. Kaye's discloses secrets of which very few could have conceived the existence this time ten years ago.

Ten years later a work of this sort might be written more fully, perhaps more accurately, than it could be written now. But the lapse of ten years would certainly have reduced its chances of extrinsic success out of all proportion to the supposed enhancement of its intrinsic worth. The book would have lost in present attractions far more than it could possibly have gained in the sources of its future vitality. We should have got an article at the best but little better than the article we have now, but the time so spent on its improvement would have lowered materially its marketable value for lack of customers like those who are bidding so readily for the sort of article we have now. Fashions change fast in these stirring times. The impression made by a Caubul massacre soon begins to lose its original clearness, and fade before the blaze of newer catastrophes into the misty glooming of a half-remembered dream. New scenes arise to blot out the old, "novæque pergunt interire Lunæ;"—new generations receive and forget the traditions held by those that have gone before. A book that treats especially of Indian topics must reckon its chances of practical appreciation by the amount of present interest in the topics of which it treats. Its popularity must depend on the date of its publication. The book itself may read all the better, *quoad* book, for a little delay; but the matter of it is sure to lose for future readers much of the interest it would certainly awaken now among those who lived in sight of, or actually shared in, the scenes and circumstances of which it has been constructed, or with which it principally deals. For all its literary merits and

philosophic weight, this work of Mr. Kaye's would answer, we fear, but poorly as a literary speculation, if its publication had been deferred to this time ten years hence. The book itself would be at least as well worth the reading then as now. But ten years would have caused a woful reduction in the popular demand for literature pertaining to the events of more than 20 years before. It takes less than twenty years to wear out the freshness of popular emotion in the case of tragedies yet more national and appalling than that which Mr. Kaye has handled with no common skill and power of graphic presentment. He has done well to commend his name to popular favor by his masterly treatment of a subject not yet consigned to the dull embraces of popular indifference.

The task he has thus accomplished was worthy of the pen devoted to its accomplishment. A mind less powerful, a will less earnest, a heart less true than his, would have shrunk from handling, or handled to little purpose, a subject so popular, yet so little explored as the history of our Afghan campaigns. The mere military events of that period were indeed notorious enough already to need little aid in construing them from writers yet to come. The horrors of the Caubul tragedy had long since been stamped with sufficient clearness on the popular mind. The defiles of Khoord-Cabul and Jugdulluck required no future power of historic painting to heighten the image their very names brought out in all its dark and death-like characters before the popular vision. The names of Nott and Sale were generally coupled as a thing of course with the memory of those manful deeds by which they succeeded, at Candahar and Jellalabad, in thwarting the wild rush of Afghan vengeance, and retrieving some portion of the ruin and disgrace which poor old Elphinstone and his reckless colleagues had elsewhere brought so abundantly upon our arms. Village politicians glibly discussed the causes of our military failures, and pointed out the way in which they might have been averted. Children in the nursery shuddered at the sad tale of Afghan treachery and British carnage, and school-boys learned to celebrate in good Horatian metre the exploits of the avenging army on its march through the scene of previous disaster. A crowd of writers had helped to make up a retrospect of our Afghan campaigns, as distinct and familiar to our minds as the story of Waterloo had been to the minds of a former generation. To what they have so done for us little could be added now in the shape of essential facts. Of the light required for elucidating technical points or correcting false constructions of particular data the public had enough already and to spare. Its own sagacity sufficed to shew it the true extent of our military blunders in the terrible reality of the events that followed them. It needed small knowledge of military tactics to trace the annihilation of a brave army to the counsels of its imbecile leader, and the blindness of those who kept him at his perilous post in times so rife with mischief to the cause he helped to ruin against his will. It was a grievous fault altogether, and grievously was it answered in results which certified

the original fault as clearly as punishment certifies crime.

But there was another and more significant side of the picture on which few had hitherto cared to dwell. The chapter of military blunders was not the first or chiefest chapter in the record of our Afghan doings. The true sources of the subsequent disasters lay far beyond the sphere of military influences. They were to be looked for among agencies more potential than the pleasure of an old, decrepid, half-witted commander, among times far more remote than the eve of the Afghan outbreak. The retreat from Caubul suggested a larger moral, wound up a darker tale, than those which had hitherto fired the public resentment, and allayed the public curiosity. Few had yet learned to regard poor foolish Elphinstone in the light of a casual waif on the current of passing events, a solitary link in the chain of circumstances which induced the crisis he helped to aggravate, but was utterly powerless to divert. Few had yet learned to examine the real character of the Afghan movement, or conceive how actively political influences had been concerned in the brewing of a cup which military blunders had made so nauseous in the drinking. There was still a fond desire, a clinging tendency to believe in the preliminary justice of a cause which had eventuated in results so pitiably abortive. Lord Auckland had certainly been hasty, it was said, in sanctioning a project which poor Macnaghten had not taken quite the proper measures for carrying out. They were unfortunate, not culpable. Shah Soojah had worked on their credulity. It was certainly impolitic to help him at all. It was exceedingly foolish to help him in the way they did. But there was no injustice in helping him at all. It was clear that Dost Mahomed was the favorite of his countrymen, and that his son's success had redounded grievously to our military discredit. But Dost Mahomed and his son were rebels notwithstanding ; and, whatever else we had lost by their ascendency, British honor still remained untouched. Lying Blue-books confirmed the illusion which British candour, had it known more of the circumstances, would have been the readiest to explode. And poor old Elphinstone and his Afghan conquerors came in for all the odium of which so large a share belonged to others alone.

To fix the odium and the pity on the right shoulders by proving the fallacy of said illusion, is one of the ends which Mr. Kaye has accomplished by his minute and trustworthy relation of the political events preceding the Caubul outbreak. He has thrown a truer light on the events that followed by removing the veil that obscured our judgment of the events that went before. In his work the military details sink into their proper size and connexion with the scenes around them. They lose in special prominence what the picture as now presented to us gains in breadth, variety, and harmonious design. What was once a fragment of rather doubtful meaning has become enlarged for us into the embodiment of a plain and universal truth. The strange fatality that buried the last of our leaderless troops in the snows of Caubul becomes resolv-

able into a very just and natural consummation after all. As the tragical end of Agamemnon was foreshadowed to the poet's eye in the tragical banquet of Thyestes, so do the military results of our first Afghan invasion find their truest source and best exponent in the senseless and dishonest policy which turned our arms against the friendly ruler of an independent State. The revelation of a bitter truth has intensified by bringing into bolder outline the bitter meaning of the mystery it has solved anew. We are now free to observe by what strange but easy steps the primal injustice led to the crowning humiliation; to trace the progress of that fatal enterprise from its birth in the Simlah council-chamber to its bloody resting-place in the Jugdulluk pass; and to admire the terrible clearness with which the presiding Nemesis of that eventful tragedy casts back its warning shadow upon the very first conception of the wrongs so terribly revenged in the later scenes. We are now free to confess how cruelly the cause and character of the Afghan leaders had hitherto been lied away, and how fatal was the blindness to passing events, that fell on all, or nearly all, who helped to conceive or forward the workings of a diplomacy in itself most wicked and inexcusable. And we are also fain to wish these volumes could never have been written, rather than that English Statesmen should have proved so utterly regardless of the simple moral which speaks to us from every page of them, asking if honesty here, as elsewhere, would not have been the wisest policy after all. It was not without a purpose that poor Burnes' official letters were given to the world in a form so maimed and garbled as to convey no suspicion of the truths which Mr. Kaye has since extracted from them. But truth, like murder, will out at last. And no malice, however ingenious, could have stated facts so damning to the credit of those who suppressed it, as the truth they only succeeded in suppressing for a time.

It is a sad tale which has come so opportunely to light. By the publication of those suppressed passages the last valid ground of defence for the measures of the Auckland government is fairly cut away. The war against Dost Mahomed was a war of simple aggression. That chieftain had done his best to secure our friendship. Instead of merely withholding the thing he sought, we did our best to secure his undying hatred. Burnes had repeatedly testified to his constant expression of desire for an English alliance. He had repeatedly, to Burnes' knowledge, repelled the offers of Russian amity that he might leave open the road for our Indian rulers. There was no moral or political pretext for pursuing him with our enmity, even if we declined to embrace him as a friend. He might have done with his own whatever he pleased, for all the harm he was likely to do ourselves. But because he did as he pleased, because in despair at British coldness he chose to betake himself to the embraces of a Russian suitor, because he preferred the aid of a strong Russian arm to the lip-deep assurances of British sympathy, it was deemed expedient to drive him from a throne he had filled so long

and worthily, and set up in his stead a miserable puppet, whose only claim to the respect and fealty of his subjects lay in the British bayonets he brought behind him. For no act of overt aggression, no sign of threatened hostility, not even the expression of a hostile thought, was the brave and high-souled Barukzye doomed to throw himself ere long a prisoner on the mercy of which he had tasted so doubtful a specimen already. Short of murdering the captive monarch out of hand, what conduct could have been more monstrous or unpardonable than this?

The deeper we go into these new facts, the more clearly do we trace the principle on which the dirty work of suppressing them has been carried through. It is shameful to think how wide a currency has thus been given to a most foul and mischievous lie. Everything that could tacitly be done to make the worse appear the better side, has been done, to extenuate the Auckland policy at the expense of all who opposed it by word or deed. The whole public correspondence of that day seems to have undergone the process applied with such telling effect to the letters of Captain Burnes. Those of Captain Wade expressing nearly similar views were weeded to nearly a similar extent. Every word or phrase in these public letters that tended to clear the character of the Afghan ruler, or impugn the justice of our political procedure, was cut out of the documents submitted for public scrutiny. Austrian malice could hardly have done worse, for the concealment of Hungarian wrongs, than British hands have here done for the concealment of the wrongs we inflicted on Dost Mahomed. The character of our own countrymen has been slandered as largely as the character of the man whose guilt they refused to acknowledge. The best public men of that day were made out as consenting to the measures which a clique at Simla had conceived in direct defiance of the public feeling of that day. Men of known worth and tried sagacity were held up as willing agents in the execution of a most dishonest and impolitic scheme. And yet we know now how far Burnes and Wade were from standing alone in the opinions which have been so studiously concealed. We know now how few defended the policy which so many of them were forced by duty to aid in carrying out. Whatever men might think of Dost Mahomed's personal merits, it is certain that the cause for which he was to be set aside found few supporters beyond the vice-regal court. The leading statesmen of England and India, the Wellingtons and Wellesleys, the Metcalfes and Elphinstones, laughed at the bare idea of carrying our arms into a land so distant and impracticable as Afghanistan. In India the miserable pretences of the Simlah manifesto were freely discussed, and almost universally condemned. Of all who thronged to the muster at Kurnaul there was hardly one who trusted himself to look his grounds of quarrel honestly in the face, hardly one whose sword would not have been drawn more cheerfully in any cause rather than the punishment of one who had hitherto wrought us no conceivable wrong. Ready as they were to answer the call to arms, they would ra-

ther have chosen a worthier battle-field than the one which Messrs. Colvin and Torrens had marked out for their coming début. As for the members of the Supreme Council, their opinions were not even consulted with regard to the consummation of a measure so deeply affecting the interests committed to their special care.

But the measure of British injustice was not yet full. The policy so wretchedly defended in the Auckland manifesto was soon to be left without any defence at all. Before the tidings of a war with Caubul had reached the further ends of India, it was known that Herat had baffled its besiegers, and that the Persian army was quietly marching back to Teheran. The only political pretext for flinging our troops into Central Asia was thus effectually removed. The old *funk* of Russian encroachment was fairly deprived of its only legitimate food. Russia was disarmed through the failure of her Persian ally. Herat itself was in friendly keeping. The Afghan ruler could not possibly harm us now, however ready he might have been to meditate harm before. "The expedition now to be undertaken," says Mr. Kay, "had no longer any other ostensible object than the substitution of a monarch, whom the people of Afghanistan had repeatedly, in emphatic, scriptural language, spued out, for those Barukzye chiefs, who, whatever may have been the defects of their government, had contrived to maintain themselves in security, and their country in peace, with a vigour and a constancy unknown to the luckless Suddozye Prince." To the lasting disgrace of those who refused to countermand it, and the ineffable disgust of all who contemplate its results, the expedition was ordered to proceed, in spite of every thing, to the scene of its brief successes and final annihilation. Never was unrighteous sowing repaid by a more righteous harvest.

It is easy to be wise after the event. It may be that we cannot now appreciate the full strength of all the motives that urged Lord Auckland on a course so fraught with ruin and miscarriage of every sort. In these later days, when Persian politics are hardly thought of, and the fall of Herat awakes no unusual tremor in Indian breasts, it may be hard to realize the degree of nervous anxiety with which the statesmen of former days watched for the shadows of coming danger in the political movements far beyond our frontier. It is laughable to think how strangely the bugbear of a French invasion could once haunt the mind of so first-rate a politician as Lord Wellesley. Still he had excuses which cannot be found so readily for the alarm conceived many years later at the signs of Russian ascendancy in Central Asia. A Russian envoy could not enter Teheran without making Indian statesmen agape to learn the meaning of his unwonted errand. A threatening movement on the part of Persia sends us into the arms of Caubul. The political quarrels of Afghan chieftains frighten us back into new alliances with Persia. All sorts of useless treaties are made and broken through fear of a contingency at the worst but just possible. Statesmen looked so intently on future chances as

quite to forget the exigencies of the present hour. They laid their account with evils that might never happen by rushing into errors that might never be repaired. And so we are willing to believe that the presence of a Russian envoy in the Persian camp before Herat may have driven Lord Auckland into the folly of declaring war against a ruler who had so lately done his best to ensure kinder treatment at our hands. We are willing to believe that a vague and terrible fear,—a fear which had blinded the judgments and tied the hands of wiser men than himself,—a fear which now seems so causeless and unappreciable,—may have so blinded his moral perceptions as to urge him into a course condemned by every consideration alike of moral justice and political advantage, and opposed not less to every act and profession of his past career, than to the natural interests and repeated commands of his temporary masters.

But what of his persistence in the objectionable course, after the last thin pretext for its adoption had been rent away? It is easy to say that his senses were still under a cloud; that the old terror still maddened him after the phantom that produced it had been fairly laid for the nonce; that the grave reasoning of his senior, and the lively eloquence of his Junior Secretary still exercised their fatal magic upon his mind. But this plea of mental weakness cannot go far to lighten his name of the guilt attached to it through his official misdeeds. The point wherein he erred was of no very minute or enigmatical sort. The question he decided so fatally was not a question of local pertinence, or diplomatic nicety, which a tyro from England might have been puzzled to comprehend at all. It was not a question to be studied by other lights than what his own natural sense and late experience would have supplied. It was a question which he should have been just as capable of deciding correctly as the astutest secretary of them all. That he failed to decide it correctly, from lack of moral courage rather than lack of moral discernment, can lessen none of the odium redounding on his public character from the terrible consequences of such a failure. For the conduct of our Afghan policy subsequent to the Persian retreat from Herat the Governor of India was morally and chiefly responsible. From that day the political blunder became a moral crime, and Lord Auckland must take his full share of the reproach incurred by the Indian Government for having sanctioned the commission of so heinous a moral crime. His Lordship's counsellors have enough to bear under any circumstances of the common burden. They cannot, in this case at least, be made to fill the character of his Lordship's whipping-boys.

It is useless appealing to past character in a case of such naked flagrancy as this. Man's heart is a thing too inscrutable to be brought in evidence upon his actions. Worse inconsistencies than this of Lord Auckland's occur daily in common life. A moment of passion shall so change a man's outward nature that you are fain to question the identity of the being before you with him you knew of old. Enough for us to admit that Lord Auckland

was led astray by some secret impulse from his usual habits of honesty and fair dealing, and to hope that the darkness which so came upon him was bitterly repented in the thoughts of after years.

Whatever the motives that so darkened the vice-regal mind, it was settled that Dost Mahomed should reign no longer. The league already made to that end with Shah Soojah and Runjeet Singh—worthy allies for such a purpose—was confirmed anew, and a large British force was soon on its way to win for another what he had so often failed in winning for himself. The man who had so lately been assured of British aversion to meddling with the affairs of foreign states was now to taste the first-fruits of British readiness to meddle with the affairs of a state as guiltless of past offence as it was harmless for future mischief. The victim so marked for sacrifice at the altar of British inconsistency had deserved a better fate at British hands. A younger brother of that Eastern Warwick, the wise and powerful Futteh Khan, he had fought his way to virtual supremacy, and ruled his turbulent subjects for twelve years with first-rate talent, and also, for an Afghan, with first-rate virtue. Neglected and somewhat criminal in his earlier days, he had lived like our fifth Henry to redeem his youthful vices by a manhood of great deeds and high moral pretensions. It was a difficult part he had to play, and he played it on the whole with great and merited success. In times of gross lawlessness and universal treachery his reign was marked by a show of justice and moderation worthy of the ruler of a more civilised land. Compelled to govern with a strong arm, he seldom resorted to harsh extremes when it was possible to succeed with milder measures. If the means he used were not always the most warrantable, the ends he labored for were remarkably just and praiseworthy on the whole. To rule a nation like his at all was a great achievement. To rule it as he did is nearly the highest praise we could have rendered him. It is much to say of such a man that the better traits of his character were peculiarly his own, the worse were chiefly those of his race and circumstances. He is evidently a favorite with Mr. Kaye, and we are glad to endorse the opinion of such a writer on the hero he has drawn so well.

The contrast between this picture and the one now offered to Afghan eyes was sufficiently absurd and mortifying. The king *in posse* was as different from the king *in esse* as chalk from cheese. We had not even the poor excuse of providing a change for the better in the changes we were about to thrust on the acceptance of the Afghan nation. Selfish, indolent, and revengeful, of narrow intellect and feeble soul, given to hanker with childish fretfulness after the power he lost with such childish facility, altogether a low and characterless sort of nature, this whilom king of Caubul, and late exile of Loodianah, had little of the virtue that consecrates misfortune, none of the ability that commands success. Shah Soojah's whole life was a running commentary on his mental weaknesses. His conduct was that of James the 2nd, without the redeeming motives and

fair pretences. Having played his throne away for no rational purpose, he was continually seeking, like James the 2nd, to regain it on terms which made its recovery impossible. Like James 2nd he clung to his old pretensions and treasured up his old hatreds, with wonderful blindness to the difficulty of enforcing the one, and the dangerous consequences of gratifying the other. Thirty years of exile had not taught him to forgive his enemies or forget the past. His own countrymen heartily despised the man whose cause a portion of them were so inclined to favor. It was afterwards seen at Candahar how few even of these latter were willing to rally round the standard of a prince surrounded by British advisers and supported by the weight of British bayonets. Yet this was the man for whose sake a British army was to cross the Indus, and British gold be made to flow in such reckless profusion from coffers already stinted of their due supply.

What ulterior advantages we were thus to gain, which could not have been gained as well by letting Caubul alone, it is very hard to say. Friendly or neutral, Dost Mahomed would have made at least as good a barrier against Persia as Shah Soojah could ever hope to do. If there was cause for alarm in that direction, a ruler of known ability and twelve years' prestige was more likely to serve our purpose, than one whose kingdom was yet to be gained, and whose antecedents were so little in his favor. The Ameer of Caubul had earnestly sought our friendship. He had repeatedly pleaded for such support as we might easily have granted him. Writing from personal knowledge, Burnes had repeatedly declared his belief in the Ameer's sincerity. Shah Soojah could have offered no more than this. Yet both the prayer and the assurance were uttered in vain. We chose to make the Ameer our enemy, and terrible was the curse we brought on our own heads by an act so wanton and unaccountable. It was the doom of Thyestes enacted over again with a vengeance.

But the curse did not begin to work immediately. For some time Fate seemed to smile most alluringly upon the progress of that ill-starred enterprise. Until they reached Ghuznee the British troops met with no obstacle more serious than a difficult road, a lack of carriage, or a lack of food. The Ameers of Scinde were fined or frightened into helping the troops through their dominions. The Beloochee leaders were bribed to the same effect. There was no opposition because none had been concerted. Dost Mahomed had been at fault as to the direction of the coming danger. He was looking towards the Khyber, while the danger was drawing upon him by the road to Candahar. His best troops and favorite son Akbar were away on a fruitless errand, and among those that remained to him, treachery had begun to do its worst. The fall of his strongest fortress, Ghuznee, completed the mischief which the advance to Candahar had put in train. Afghan fidelity, weak at the best of seasons, now fairly gave way under the influence of British gold, and the suggestive sparkling of Shah Soojah's prosperous star. Deserted by his nearest followers, the unfortunate Barukzye had no resource

but flight. All hope of present success was gone, and his soul had chafed within him at the bare mention of an asylum in British soil. So, with his gallant son, and a small band of still faithful followers, he bade farewell to Caubul, and found a temporary shelter in the recesses of the Hindoo Khoosh.

The Army of the Indus had now done its work. Shah Soojah was again a king, and his countrymen seemed willing enough to take on trial the sort of ruler the English had provided for them. It was time for our troops to think of turning homewards. Lord Auckland had agreed to land his puppet at Caubul, but he had not agreed to help in keeping him there. His puppet however could not bear to part with allies so serviceable. As yet he felt himself a king only in the presence of British bayonets. He would have liked to send them away if he dared. But he knew his own position too well, and the thoughts of both Lord Auckland, and his agent, Sir W. Macnaghten, went with those of the Douranee monarch. It was felt that he could not be left to his own devices without some fear of our losing the point on which so much had been staked already. It does not seem to have occurred to them that the retention of our troops in Afghanistan was the strongest possible libel on the policy which had sent them thither. If Shah Soojah was worth raising to the throne, it needed no help of ours to support him where he was fully capable of supporting himself. We had kept our word: it remained to be seen if the new monarch could keep his. Unhappily the experiment was not to be made. It might have ended, assuredly it would have ended, in signal failure. But was it better to advance indefinitely, than halt at once in a course so wrong and mischievous from the very first? Was it more disgraceful to risk the loss of advantages unjustly gained, than knowingly to perpetuate the mischief already done? Be that as it may, it was settled that the elect of British bayonets should still have British bayonets to look after him. And then came the question, how many would he require?

(To be continued.)

PSYCHE.

"MAN goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets; or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain or the wheel broken at the cistern, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

I.

THOU formless exile from a brighter sphere,
Thou living breath; thou mystery divine!
What unseen power compels thy sojourn here,
Hides thee, bright jewel, in an earthy mine?

A silver cord, by angels wrought,
Has bound thee to thy home of clay :
Conjoined eternity of thought,
To creatures of a day.
And, when the Guardian Seraph's hand,
May loose from earth that precious band,
'Twill bear the soul, from bondage free,
Back to its native sky :
A bright, and glorious clew 'twill be,
To happiness for aye,
That silver cord was formed above,
I ween, that cord is heavenly love.

2.

And when that cord is loosed,
The golden bowl must break,
From which the God-loved one was used,
So sweet a draught to take,
Now, never more !—yet do not grieve,
A recompense is thine,
Thy wildest dreams can ne'er conceive,
In place of this, thou shalt receive
A nectar cup divine :
But, deem it not a crime,
To hold this bowl so dear,
Though breaking at th' appointed time,
'Tis joy to taste it here,
It gives a foretaste of the bliss above,
I ween, that golden bowl is woman's love.

3.

There is a sweet spring, ever sure,
That from the rock of ages flows ;
'Twill keep the truant spirit pure,
From stain of worldly woes :
And, though that spring can never fail,
That gushing fount of joy ;
Alas ! the earthen ewer is frail,
That mortal hands employ :
While time remains, that vessel fill,
At the eternal fountain still,
The precious burden lift,
Though fashioned *this* of worthless clay,
And, lasting only for a day,
It holds a heavenly gift.
And, when his mighty voice,
Who framed the mould of clay,
Shall bid th' enfranchised soul rejoice,
And, cast these sherds away :

A certain hope his saving mercy gives,
Though breaks the pitcher, yet the fountain lives:
This treasured hope, be ever thine,
I ween, this fount is faith divine.

4.

A broken wheel! a cistern desolate!
A ruin, dark and drear,
Fit emblem of the wretch's shattered state,
Who seeks for treasure here.
Child of the world! thy playthings bright
May seem enduring in thy sight,
Ambition's tinsel, wished-for toy,
May bring a momentary joy,
And quick success, and mad desire,
May seem to bless thy sensual fire,
Though, meteor-like, thy course may shine,
And, all that earth can give, be thine;
Yet, like the meteor whirling bright,
Thy course shall sink in endless night,
Thy broken wheel of happiness
Thou canst no more impel.
Destroyed eternally for thee,
The cistern of those joys will be,
A bitter, bitter well.
That wheel be shunned, tho' seeming fair;
It crowns the cistern of despair.

* * * * * * * *

Dust must return to dust (it's source was thence,)
While to the Farewell, weeping mourners come,
Man, the poor traveller, must betake him hence;
Change this warm being for the earthworm's home.

Awful the doom: eternal the command,
The trembling mortal has no power to flee,
That shadowy journey to an unknown land,
That embarkation on a lifeless sea.

* * * * * * * *

The spirit to its Maker flies,
The soul to Him who gave,
The God whose mercy never dies,
Whose arm is strong to save:
Though Death's foul wing may hover near,
He has no power to sting,
And, though the Grave may conquer here;
No terrors can it bring:
This glorious hope, to us the victory gives,
To know and feel that our Redeemer lives.

Ali.

ADVENTURE WITH A PIRATE.

Some ten years ago business led me to the West Indies, and after a rather longer voyage than usual, on a fine morning in the month of February, we ran into the beautiful harbour of King's Town, the principal town of St. Vincent. The scenery of the Antilles has been so often lauded by better pens than mine, that I will say nothing about it, except that it far surpassed my warmest anticipations: in King's Town then I took up my abode for some time. In the town there is but little of interest. It consists of three long streets running parallel to each other, in which are numerous shops, or stores, as they are there called. There is a good church, a court house, and a few other public buildings. Immediately in rear of the town there is a range of lofty hills, on which are studded the residences of the Governor, and other public officers, and on the left hand side, entering the bay, are the frowning batteries of Fort Charlotte, generally garrisoned by a wing of one of Her Majesty's regiments. My business having been satisfactorily concluded, I amused myself for a time in roaming about the island. I visited the Souffiere, (a volcanic mountain); travelling round the windward, and returning by the leeward side of the island, formed many pleasant acquaintances, and in short enjoyed myself as well as most men do, with plenty of money at their command, and but few cares on their shoulders. I do not know what the case may be now, but in those days (fallen as the islands were from their ancient prosperity), the most unbounded hospitality reigned throughout the West Indies. A traveller had nothing to do if he found himself weary, hungry, or thirsty, than to make his way to the nearest house, where he was certain of receiving a warm and hearty welcome, and of being paid every kindness and attention. At length, having seen everything that was to be seen, paid my last visits, said farewell to many kind friends with whom I was loath to part, and found myself one sunny afternoon on board the fine steamer *Tay*, and bowling along for St. Thomas's, we touched at all the intermediate islands to land and receive mails, passengers, &c. So our party was constantly changing. Now we would have a party of French from Martinique, then a supply of Danes from Santa Cruz, English from Antigua, and, in fact, with the exception of China, there was hardly a nation that had not its representative on board by the time we reached St. Thomas's. It is a matter of surprize to me that more owners of yachts do not make their way to the beautiful Carribean Sea. The scenery is superb, the islands close together; in fact, I can conceive no pleasanter trip for a large and well found yacht, than from England to Barbadoes or Demerara, touching of course at Madeira, and then taking each island in succession to the northward as far as Jamaica; from there I should be inclined to recom-

mend the voyage being continued to the Bermudas, which are indeed worth seeing. Their coral reefs I will say nothing about—they have been often described—nor their hardy and daring pilots, nor, as their inhabitants would have you believe, of their 365 tales, one for each day in the year; they are now all well known; but a visit to them would still, in my humble opinion, amply recompense any one for the trouble incurred. From there, looking in at Boston and New York, and thence home, would complete as nice a voyage as any man really fond of the sea would wish to take, and, as I shall show sometimes, rather an adventurous one. But to return to my story, from which I have digressed considerably. After remaining some time at St. Thomas's, the free port of the West, I took a fancy to go cruizing about the islands. Without being tied to the time of the mail steamers, and determining to be completely my own master, I chartered a small schooner, of 100 tons, and set about fitting her out in as comfortable a way as her size would permit. I soon found that two friends were desirous of going to the southward. I immediately offered them berths on board, which were gladly accepted, and in less than a fortnight we were ready for sea. One fine morning we got under weigh, and with a light breeze, soon made our way out of the harbour, and stood to the southward. The crew of the schooner consisted of four Europeans and ten Blackeys, and a fine sturdy set of men they appeared at the time we shipped them, and as the result proved, did not belie their appearance. One European was of course the Captain, another was Mate, and other two acted as Quarter-masters. The owners of the schooner had engaged the Captain and crew for a certain period, so that I had experienced little or no trouble at all. We had been becalmed and baffled by turns by contrary breezes for some days, and had several opportunities of finding out what the schooner was made of. She was a Bermudian craft, by name the *Charib*, built of white cedar, carrying a gaff topsail on her fore-topmast, instead of the square-topsail English schooners usually sport; her canvass was very large for her size, and she sailed beautifully. She was extremely fast, indeed I think the fastest vessel I was ever in, and with her low black hull, lofty spars, untrammelled with any unnecessary top hamper, she certainly looked as roguish a little craft as a peaceful merchant-man would wish to see. It afterwards came to my ears that she had been employed by her former owners in carrying slaves to the Brazils, and it is not at all improbable had also tried her hand at lightening a heavily laden merchant ship or two of a little superfluous cargo. We had worked down as far as latitude 17½ North, when one morning, as I came on deck at sunrise, I fancied I saw something dip into the water, like the wing of some large sea bird, far away to the eastward. Why, I know not, but a strange presentiment crossed my mind, and seizing my glass, I minutely scrutinized the direction where the object had caught my eye, but nothing could I see. I turned to King, the Quarter-master, a steady old man-of-war's man, who was standing by the tiller, and asked him if he had seen any sail. "No

sir, none," was the reply. Still I could not get the idea out of my mind that it *was* a sail I had seen. I then told King what I fancied I had observed, and my suspicions were again roused by the old sailor's answer, "And do you think, sir, that was the wing of a sea bird you saw dip just now; look again, and you will find your first suspicions correct; you will see better now, the sun is a little above the horizon." Again I gazed steadfastly in the same direction, and this time I could distinctly make out a low, dark, long hull, with a single mast. I handed the glass to King, who, after a steady gaze, said, "Yes, sir, the old trick; they hauled down every thing, so as to avoid being seen till they could make out what we were. If they think they can make any thing by us, they will be down on us with the morning breeze. We have got every thing set now in this light air that will draw. Our best plan is just to go on as we are, and show no alarm or confusion, and they may fancy we are only a sugar drogher, or a smuggler, bound to Martinique, or any other island craft, but as for that vessel out yonder, she is a pirate." I could not but admit King's advise to be good and sound, and I determined to take it. I now remembered that while at St. Thomas's, there had been sundry rumours of a suspicious looking craft dodging about the islands, but I had hardly given it a thought; luckily we were pretty well armed, for in fitting out the schooner I had taken a pride in having her as complete as possible, and more from a small feeling of vanity I believe, than from any idea that they would prove of use, had four 12 lb. carronades and several swivels to mount on the rails, shipped on board. These had only been got in their places a few days before, and old King, as he passed forward, cast his eyes on the guns, saying there will be work for these before the sun goes down, or I am much mistaken. At this moment the skipper made his appearance, and on my telling him what I thought, he immediately acquiesced in my ideas, and said, "Well, sir, the schooner is as good as yours, seeing you have chartered her, and I am ready to do any thing you like; if that rascal to windward there meddles with us, what will you do?" "I will pull fast if I can," I answered; "the schooner is fast, and we may get clear of him." "But if not?" persisted the skipper. "Oh," I said, "there is no knowing what may turn up; a lucky shot may knock his single stick about his ears, for it's my belief he is a felucca." "Well, well, sir, we shall soon see; however, it is as well to be prepared; had you not better rouse up the two passenger gentlemen. I see King is getting ready, and he is generally right in what *he* does."

I looked forward accordingly, and sure enough there was old King diligently sharpening a cutlass on the grind-stone; nearly the whole of the crew were clustered round him, to whom he had no doubt communicated his apprehensions, for every now and then a head would be turned anxiously to windward, to see if the felucca, now fairly visible to the naked eye, was making any demonstrations. I continued to pace the deck, still delaying to call my two friends as the skipper had suggested, occasionally

stopping to see if our suspicious friend made any sign of moving; but no, all was quiet, and I had almost begun to think we had been raising up a demon to knock it down again. When I saw far away to windward, the surface of the sea curled with a ripple, the sure harbinger of the morning breeze; in an instant up went the long lattine sail of a felucca (as we had guessed her to be), and down she came on us, bringing the cool fresh breeze with her, and walking through the water in a way that at once showed she was a regular clipper. There could be no longer a doubt, and I hastened below to rouse up my slumbering friends to see the magazine opened, and serve out the few cutlasses and muskets on board to the people. L—e and J—s, as I shall call my friends, I found already dressing, and at the very mention of a pirate, up they jumped, as they said, "To have a look at the varmint." They were fine spirited fellows, who had come the trip more for a *sky* than any thing else, and desired no better sport than an adventure of some sort. "Of course you will fight him," said L. to me, as we all met on deck a few minutes after the rush my two friends made from their cabins. "I suspect he will give us no chance," I answered. "Yes, yes, but what I mean is, you will not haul down your bit of bunting on his requisition," returned L., as he proved a superb swordblade against the deck. "Most decidedly not," was my reply, "run up the Ensign, Mr. King, and we'll soon see what colours he shows." "Aye, aye, sir," was the ready answer, and in another instant that glorious flag was streaming from the peak of our gaff, but no reply did it elicit from the felucca. She had the wind quite fair, so came down with a flowing sheet. While, as we still laid our course, the wind was a little abaft the beam. The breeze was now blowing fresh and strong, and the schooner slipping fast through the water. The felucca did not seem to gain much on us, and I began to hope we might almost work clear of her yet, but altering her course as she saw we were slipping by her, she wore round on the same tack as ourselves, and I then saw that if the schooner was fast, the felucca was faster still. At last she ranged up about half a mile from us, and evidently was taking a good look to see what we were. "In the gaff topsails," shouted I, determined to show a bold front, "stand by main and foresail halyards, but keep the jib on her." Satisfied at length, the felucca drew a little closer to us, and favouring us with a hint in the shape of a shot that went dancing away across our bows, up went that terror of the deep, the blood-red flag. It was the first, and I sincerely trust may be the only time I shall see that accursed flag, but I shall never forget the sensation the sight of it produced. A desperate resolve of do or die crossed my mind, and without thinking that we were in all probability far fewer in numbers than the pirate, I turned to the crew, who were by this time clustered aft by the mainmast, and said, "My men, we must take that felucca, or our lives will be the forfeit." "Hurra!" shouted the crew, and in an instant the guns were loaded, muskets placed in readiness, boarding pikes cast loose, and cutlasses firmly girded on. That

truly British shout seemed to exasperate the pirate, for the next moment a second shot whistled between our masts. Old King took the tiller, I conned the schooner myself, and obedient to my signals, we rapidly closed on the foe. I had previously told the skipper to get the starboard cannonades over to port, and every man being ready, I waited till the two vessels were within a few feet of each other, when down came our main and foresails, and from the four cannonades poured forth such a heavy fire, as made the felucca reel again. The two crafts rolled almost gunwales under, from the concussion, and ground and tore against each other as if they also understood the fearful struggle that was going on. The crew all this time were keeping up a brisk fire on the pirates, which was but feebly returned. When, seeing that the pirates were evidently short-handed, and in great confusion, I jumped on board her with L—e and J— followed by most of the crew. We soon drove them back to the quarter deck, where however they made a gallant stand—one man in particular fought like a demon, cutting down two of my men, one after the other. He made straight for me, when L—e clove him to the chine, saying with his characteristic coolness, "Not quite so fast my good fellow." The fall of their leader considerably damped the courage of the pirates, and in a few minutes they had all laid down their arms, and surrendered at discretion. The fight which has taken so long to describe, was all over in less than five minutes, and in an equally short space of time the surviving pirates were bound and placed on board the schooner, while I, with a few others, proceeded to search the felucca. Nothing of consequence was discovered. A rudely written kind of Log-book I opened, in hopes of finding something of importance, but nothing transpired,—a few memoranda and workings of days reckoning was all I could make out. Quantities of valuables, evidently plundered from numerous ships, were also found, but little or no money, except a few Spanish dollars in a locker supposed to be the Captain's. It was evident their cruize had not been a successful one, and, as it afterwards turned out, they had had disagreements among themselves, owing to which more than half of the crew had left the vessel in Cuba, to which, I have no doubt, we owed our preservation. There were not more than 25 men on board, at the commencement of the action. Of these five were killed by our musketry, and several more killed and wounded by splinters from the cannonades; so that in fact we were at the moment of boarding the stronger force. The pirates confessed afterwards that they had taken us for a trader, and anticipating an easy conquest, had not even taken the trouble of re-loading their guns; that the huzza raised by our crew had shown them their mistake, but it was then too late. We came to the determination of dividing the pirates between the two vessels, and of putting a small prize crew on board the felucca, which we did, and then beat into Antigua, where we arrived the next day at noon. Our arrival, as may be imagined, caused great sensation; it seems a brig of war was at the time on

the look out for this very felucca, but, as was very evident, had not succeeded. The pirates were handed over to the authorities, and tried before the Admiralty Court without delay, and though by their own confession, they were pirates, still from the peculiarities of the case they were leniently dealt with, and condemned only to seven years' imprisonment and hard labour. Two only of my crew were killed, and some badly wounded, in the hand-to-hand conflict on the pirate's deck. As soon as the trial was finished, we once more got under weigh, and shaped our course for Barbadoes, where, by the assistance of a spanking breeze, we arrived in a couple of days. There I parted with my friends, and my beautiful schooner, with great regret, but letters which I found waiting me there, rendered my presence in England indispensable. L. and J. took the *Charib* back to St. Thomas's, while I, embarking in the first mail steamer that made her appearance, took the homeward bound route, going north through the islands again as far as St. Thomas's, thence to Bermudas, from there embarking in the magnificent steam ship *Tweed*, commanded by that most excellent sailor Captain Parsons, R. N. (who unfortunately lost the same ship some years after down in the Gulf). In fourteen days, I once more trod the shores of merry England, and so ends my—Adventure with the Pirate.

SIX YEARS AGO.

Six years ago!
It is full that since last our footsteps wandered
Together down the windings of this Hill,
And I have since seen varied scenes, but still
Most often upon this my thoughts have pondered,
And sad and slow,
I've walked 'mid gorgeous scenery, and thought
Of the old happy time,
When I was wont to climb,
This steep with Thee,
And a bird's song has to my memory brought
Remembrance of a voice more dear to me,
Than to a captive can be that which tells
That he at last is free.
That sounded sweeter to my heart than swells,
The long-wished music of his bridal bells,
To lover's ear waking to extacy.
And I have gazed upon the Indian night,
Watching its jewelled Heaven, and every star,
Like a live diamond, glittering afar,
Emblemed to me an eye as pure and bright
That once had beamed with fond affection's light

As my heart dared to whisper upon me,
And when a sultry day of toil was over,
And the light breeze stole o'er the placid ocean,
To cool the burning forehead of the rover,
Whose brain was throbbing with suppressed emotion
Of anguish no one save himself might know,
Then would the wind's soft kiss
Image a gentle lip and cheek that pressed
His own with guileless tenderness, and blessed
Him with still cherished bliss, six years ago.
* * * * * * *

Six years ago;
In such a space there may be many changes:
Time palsies love, and absence oft estranges
Hearts that were fondest; but 'tis joy to know
That, after such an absence, *we* are meeting
With hearts that beat the same as they were beating
Six years ago!
* * * * * * * * * *

As pants the wounded deer for the cool river,
Where he may soothe the anguish of his smart,
So, vexed with wordly troubles, has my heart
Longed once again to see the Elm boughs quiver,
'Neath which I had walked with Thee:
And it is bliss to view these scenes again,
Dear with the memories of the days of yore.
There's not a hill, a valley or a lane,
That doth not wake remembrance once more,
Of hope and home and friends most dear to me;
It was amid these places that I played
A careless child;
'Twas 'mid these groves that first my Muse essayed
Her wood-notes wild;
And it was here that first I dreamed of loving,
Here first my heart learned what it was to *be*,
While 'mongst these woods and quiet valleys roving,
Alone with Thee.
And now to wander with thee by my side,
Through the same scenes, and tell thee of affection
That has by every test been fully tried,
And call its dawnings to thy recollection;
To press thy hand in mine, and then with pride
And joy, the truth of thy dear heart to know,
And feel thou art mine own, love, is a pleasure
That makes amend to me for the full measure
Of all I've suffered since six years ago.

K.

THUGGISM.

Thuggism sprang up in India, under the first Mahomedan conquerors. The Thugs are distinctly ascertained to have existed in great numbers in the reign of Akber the Great; no less than 500 having been executed, in the Etawah province, by that emperor; and they are known to have been, for centuries, exercising their fearful avocations in every part of India, from the Sutlej to Cape Comorin.

During the early part of the British dominion in the Doab, the ravages of the Thugs appear to have increased to such an intolerable degree that in 1812 or 1813, the Government deputed that active officer, Mr. N. J. Halhed, to attack their head-quarters, in the pergunnah of Sindoure, which being situated on the right bank of the Jumna, opposite to Etawah, and consisting entirely of ravines and inaccessible fastnesses, formed a suitable and, until then, a safe retreat to the gangs, to leave their families in during their periodical expeditions, and to pass the rainy season, and to deposit and dispose of the plunder acquired during their extensive excursions all over India. The extent to which they carried their depredations, may be appreciated by the fact that one of their number, Syud Ameer Alee, was present at 130 cases of murder, wherein 719 people were killed and robbed of 67,000 rupees, in hard cash, and property estimated at upwards of 1,50,000 rupees.

Mr. Halhed carried fire and sword into this small pergunnah, and entirely drove away its predatory inhabitants, who were, in consequence, dispersed in every direction, where they could find refuge from the pelting of the storm; but the principal portion, who escaped the sword or the gallows, took refuge in the Bundelcund States of Jhansee, Duttea, Tehree, and Jhalone, and in the neighbouring provinces of Scindiah."

The Nepaul, the Pindaree, and the Mahratta wars of 1814-15, 16 and 17, ensued immediately after the dispersion of the Thugs into foreign lands; and these formidable gangs, the more formidable from the secrecy of their acts, and the general ignorance almost of their existence, by the public at large, gradually recovered strength, till in the end of 1817, they were found in Malwa in as strong numbers, and as daring in their acts as ever. The general peace, which followed the termination of the Mahratta war, opened the road to commerce all over the Peninsula; and the monopoly of opium, at that period, established, in the province of Malwa, by the British Government, still further invigorated, the drooping commerce of Central India.

The state of Central India and Rajpootana, during the existence of the Pindaree power, was singularly favorable to the growth of free-booters. Travellers were compelled to go in large bodies for the sake of protection, and

the Thugs could, under the same pretence, assemble in numerous gangs, without suspicion falling on them. At the termination of the Pindaree war, and subsequently, the fear of the Thugs led to the same results; and travellers, from ignorance, and by the wiles of the Thugs, repeatedly joined gangs, under the firm belief that their safety was thereby ensured: they thus, of their own accord, fell into the jaws of the destroyer when they considered themselves most safe from harm.

The monopoly of opium, and the annually increasing flourishing condition of Malwa, occasioned an export which required returns to repay it, far exceeding the natural limited wants of the province. The imports, therefore, were by no means adequate to pay for the produce exported to other countries. The monied were, by these circumstances, induced to make remittances from the Bombay presidency in jewels, dollars, gold mohurs, and other returns of a portable, valuable, and not bulky nature, which were generally sent under charge of Rokerias, or treasure carriers, who, by forced marches, and by various disguises, more or less successful, attempted to escape the lynx eyes of the vigilant and watchful Thugs, but often, by their negligence, they allowed their secret calling to transpire, and the result infallibly ended in the death of the carriers, and robbery of the treasure. It is incalculable the loss sustained to the commerce of the country, by these murders and robberies, which befell the bankers and monied interest of Bombay, the Deccan, and of Central India, through the instrumentality of these free-booters.

By the pacification of India, the armies of the Madras and Bombay governments were brought in contact with the frontiers of the Bengal Presidency; and numerous recruits were obtained from the Gangetic provinces to their armies. The men of those provinces are notoriously much more attached to their homes than their brethren of the sister presidencies; and the roads being no longer shut by open and avowed enemies, and the secret dangers being either unknown or despised by them, numbers, every year, have taken furlough, and returned towards Hindostan, with their small savings about their persons. These sepoys the Thugs always marked as their own; and next to the treasure carriers, the murder and robbery of these faithful servants of Government was their favorite occupation: trained to danger, and confident in their own strength and courage, they were easily misled by the wily and submissive conduct of the able and intelligent Thug leaders, who were, from their infancy, practised in wiles and deceit.

From 1820 large gangs of Thugs infested every part of Central India; and the valley of the Nerbudda did not obtain a respite from their ravages until the arrest of one gang, in 1820, and another, in 1823, turned the current in another direction. From that time till the end of 1829, the only modes adopted to check their audacity, were of a local and precautionary nature; but about this time, and at the commencement of 1830, events took place, which attracted the

most serious attention and notice of the Government. It was found that the temporizing and precautionary method must be abandoned, and active measures adopted in their stead for the suppression of the gangs. Officers were therefore appointed to carry out the energetic measures of the Government. Among these were Captain (now Lieut.-Colonel) Sleeman, who was stationed at Saugor, a central spot, from which he could watch, follow up, and arrest the gangs on their departure from, or return to, their homes, in Bundelcund.

From that period, the arrest of Thugs has been prosecuted with the greatest vigor and success, and a blow has been struck which appears to have at length completely ruined the confederacy. We purpose briefly to notice the various sects of Thugs which have at various times sprung up and carried on their nefarious practices in India.

THE BUNDELCUND THUGS.

We have already given the rise and progress of this body, and shall therefore only here notice some of their modes of "carrying on business."

The Thugs generally left their homes at the Dusserah, and travelled all over India in search of prey, uniting and separating as occasions required, and concentrating, to deliberate, at points in distant countries, where the local authorities had been bribed to their interests. To govern their movements, they always had distinctive grades, from the Soobadar who was the highest, to the Jemadar who was next in authority to the Thug follower. They were besides divided into stranglers *(bhuttotes)*, landholders, or assistant stranglers, *(sumseeas,)* watchmen, sextons, men to find out the proper places to murder; the fluent and eloquent to inveigle travellers, down to boys and servants. The discipline of the band was severe. The distribution of spoil was conducted on the fairest principles, the chief receiving a superior share and the followers according to rank.

In inveigling travellers all kinds of subterfuge were had recourse to. On travellers, suited to their purpose, being found, they first deputed spies to ascertain their names, route, &c., who enlarged on the dangers of the road, and professed to be bound to the same part of the country. Travellers were thus frequently induced to join them for protection, or because some of the gang belonged to the same part of the country. If the way-faring men were of inferior caste, they were regaled by the brahmins of the gang. If they were brahmins, they were, out of charity, according to the universal custom in India, entertained free of expense. If the travellers were sepoys, fatigued by rapid marches, they were allured to join, by the offer of the loan of the tattoos of the gang, to carry their baggage. Where travellers were on their guard, and would neither eat, drink or join their gangs, they then, as a last resource, assumed the garb and actions of bold and ruthless villains, and murdered by open violence.

Bhowany was their tutelar

goddess, and was worshipped under her four names, Davee, Kalee, Doorgah, and Bhowany, and her temple at Bindachul, a few miles west of Mirzapore, on the Ganges, was constantly filled with murderers from every quarter of India, between the rivers of Nerbudda, Ganges and Indus, who went there to offer up, in person, the share of the booty they had acquired from the victims strangled in their annual excursions. The priests of Bhowany were in the habit of suggesting expeditions, promising the murderers, in the name of their Mistress, impunity and wealth provided a due share was offered up to her shrine, and none of the rites and ceremonies demanded from her votaries be neglected.

After propitiating the goddess, they prepared for their following year's expeditions. They had many ceremonies to perform, good and bad omens to consult, and plan of proceedings to be arranged before the actual starting on the journey. These are very interestingly described in Captain Sleeman's work, but we cannot afford space to give them here.

We have used the *past* tense throughout our account, as if it was a thing of bygone days—we firmly believe that the compact form and organization which the Bundlecund Thugs once had, have been entirely obliterated, but we cannot ourselves suppose that no Thugs belonging to the gang exist—we believe they do, but they have been so hunted up and down the country that they seldom, if ever, exercise their calling.

TUSMA-BAZ THUGS.

Shortly after the British Government acquired possession of Cawnpore, A. D. 1802-3, one Creagh, a private in a King's regiment stationed at Cawnpore, initiated Dhownkul Aheer, an Artillery man, Suhiboo, a cook in one of the regiments, and Ghunseya Bowryah, a resident of the cantonments, into the art of Tusma-Bazee, one of the numerous games* practised by thimble-riggers in England. From these men sprang three gangs, of which they were the leaders. Dhownkul's gang afterwards merged into the other two gangs, and the two leaders, Collunder and Madar Lodha were, in 1848 seized and put into confinement in the Boolundshehur jail on a charge of Thuggism.

The gangs at that time amounted to about forty seven persons, who resided partly in the cantonments of Cawnpore, but mostly in the outskirts of the city. They had for a long time been well known to the authorities, and had often been punished for gambling; but till that period, no charge of a serious nature could be brought against them.

It was the custom of these men to frequent the great thoroughfares leading to the principal cities in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore. They attended also the great fairs. Formerly they had free access to the city of Gwalior, and the Kotwal got one-fourth of their profits; but since the British had occupied it they had been excluded. They

* The game is played thus : a strap is doubled, and then folded up into different shapes The art is to put a stick in such a place, that the strap when unfolded shall come out double.

were always obliged to gain over the Police before commencing work, as crowds always collected around them and attracted notice. Their mode of proceeding was as follows. They assumed different characters, and agreed to meet at a general place of rendezvous, commonly some Serai, where they were known to the *Bhutteearas.* This they made their head quarters for a time: and, in the day time stationed themselves where they were most likely to attract notice, and played as if strangers to each other, assuming different garbs. The unwary traveller looking on was tempted to try his luck; at first, of course, he was permitted to win, but after a little fleeced of every thing. On the division of the spoil, at the end of each day, the leader got a double share of the gains, and the rest of the gang shared equally. The leader was bound to support the party at first setting off, till a sufficient sum was won to enable each man to support himself. If any of the party were taken up, it was the leader's duty to do his utmost for his release, and for all sums he expended in the effort, he afterwards received two pice interest on every rupee. After a successful day's work they generally gave way to drinking and gambling amongst themselves. It was during one of these revellings, that a number were captured at Boolundshehur, and others subsequently were taken at Cawnpore. The number captured was 57.

Enquiries have proved that however the practices of these Thugs may have been confined to the system of gambling at first, they had for a long while before their apprehension, used the system merely as a cloak for darker deeds. Their art and their vagrant habits gave them peculiar facilities for selecting their victims; they appear to have well chosen their positions on the Grand Trunk Road, and must have seen all travellers passing along; their game attracted attention and proved an excellent snare to catch the unwary; the impunity given by the Police made them less suspected; from those seduced to play, they were able to ascertain who had anything to lose, and what they failed to obtain by their art, they appear to have got by administering dhutorah, and by more violent means when necessary.

The sums of money they were able to collect by this villany were enormous. Hoondies to the amount of 750 Rs. were received at different times within the year 1848, at Cawnpore, from different members of the gang.

The Tusma-bazees were implicated in several cases of murder—and eight cases of thuggee came to light by their confessions. Up to the time of the apprehension of these people, cases of dhuttoreeah and reports of bodies found in the vicinity of the Trunk Road, were numerous and defying all proof—these cases were in fact greatly on the increase, but since their apprehension, not more than two cases had been heard of in a course of six months.

THE "OOTHAEEGÉERAS."

THE Bundelcund states implicated herein (with the exception of Chundeyree), exercise an independent rule within their own limits. Banpoor is a small state now representing the Raj of Chundeyree, which was spoiled by Scindia. We obtained from Scindia a restitution to the Banpoor Rajah of one-third of Scindia's usurpations, and the other two-thirds were also eventually ceded to us. The connection of the Government of these states with professional thieves and vagabonds, is an apt commentary on the morals of the Boondala princes and principalities. They are the offspring of plunderers, and had never known civil laws, or natural obligations and restraints, till their relations with the British power brought them into contact with the European system of civilization and manners.

It appears that in February 1850, an extensive robbery took place in *Calcutta*, wherein a native was robbed of 3,000 Rs. This robbery was traced to the notorious Sonoreah, or Oothageerees of the part of the country alluded to; and on an investigation taking place, circumstances were revealed that convinced the authorities that the organized system, under which these people carried on their calling to the remotest parts of Hindostan, was unknown to our Government officers. They had, up to this time, been considered in the light of travelling shop lifters, who, when detected on a summary enquiry, received ten or a dozen rattans, and were let loose to carry on their profitable calling with almost impunity.

During the investigation of the Calcutta robbery, no less than twelve villages, chiefly inhabited by Sonoreahs, were deeply implicated—and robberies confessed to as having been committed within the last two years, by these people, in the most distant parts of India : viz.

Panwell near Bombay	A watch.
Dooleeah in Khandeish ...	Rs. 1700
Ahmedabad, ditto, ...	Rs. „
Guruspoor,..	Rs. 1656
Bombay, ...	A watch
Nagpore...	„
Jubbulpore, ...	Rs. 875
Nasuk	„
Jubbulpore, ...	Rs. 686
Dooleeah in Khandeish,	Rs. 700
Patna, ...	Rs. 509

The thieves formed a regular brotherhood—their pursuits were well known to their own Governments, the lumburdar of the village being the chief of the gangs of his own village. Each village had from seven to ten *nals or gangs, registered by their Government ;* the whole body of Sonoreahs numbered upwards of 4,000 in Tehree, about 300 in Banpoor, and about 300 in Dutteah.

Immediately after the Dusserah every year, the gangs of the several villages depute their head men to consult their favorite Brahmin priest, who resides at Lahur in Chundeyree, as to the propitious signs to be observed by them ; after due time he informs the applicant that his luck will be towards the south, and such an hour and day is propitious to start. This is communicated to his own gang, and an invitation given to all who wish to join in

the distant excursion. At the time named, they all meet at an appointed well or grove, and start (for instance) for Jubbulpore. Here the gang is told off into parties of ten or twelve, and sent severally into Nagpoor, Hydrabad, Indore, &c., the head man of the gang remaining at Jubbulpore with a strong party to carry on operations in that large city till the return of the detached parties.

Should it happen on the re-collection of the gang that such success has attended them as to allow each individual 40 or 50 rupees, they return at once to their houses and cultivate the land for summer crops; if otherwise, parties are again detached for more plunder, the head man returning to the village to distribute that already obtained among the families of his party. Should there be any valuable worthy of being presented to the Government, it is always so done; the spoils brought home being openly disposed of in the market places and bazars of the states who harbor them.

The gang has a slang or "bolee" of its own, well known to the brotherhood throughout India, the children being instructed in it from early youth. They have their "chownees" or head-quarters in the several parts of India they resort to. For Calcutta, the Seraie of the Raja of Burdwan is their chownee, where there are never less than 200 Sonoreahs practising their calling on the unwary travellers who partake of the hospitality of the Raja, the Sonoreahs themselves receiving their food daily from the same source. From this depôt the gangs in Calcutta are reinforced. For the South, Gopalpoor Ghat near Jubbulpore is the chownee. For Bombay and Goojrat, the village of Nurigard, 3 koss N. of Ahmedabad.

These robbers we have placed under the head of Thuggism, because they were an organized brotherhood with a *bolee* of their own, very similar to the Thugs of Bundelcund noticed above. We do not find that in any of the instances brought under investigation, they had committed murder, but we question whether in case of resistance a body of men, whose subsistence depended on robbery, would have any qualms of conscience in imbruing their hands in the blood of their victims in the most expeditious and secret manner.

PUNJAB THUGS.

Some three or four years have elapsed since Captain Larkins discovered, in the Loodiana and Umballa districts, the existence of a nest of Thugs, or more properly speaking, of murderers, whose proceedings resembled those of the Thugs without their singular organization, whose depredations and murders were traced across the Sutlej into the Jullunder Doab. That officer and his successor were properly appointed Assistant to the General Superintendent of the measures for the suppression of Thuggee and Dacoitee, and both effected much good by bringing several criminals of that description to punishment on undeniable evidence. Suspicions have since arisen that the system existed in other dis-

tricts west of the Sutlej, but nothing definite was known, though the suspicion began to obtain strong confirmation, until within the beginning of 1852, when a system as atrocious as was carried on in the very worst days of Thuggee in Hindostan, was laid bare to the authorities, in a series of confessions that led to the apprehension of the perpetrators, and the breaking up of the gangs. Goojranwala, Eminabad, and Seealkote, are ascertained to have been their head quarters, and no less than 46 murders have been deposed to and investigated. Upwards of 100 Thugs have been captured by the detective police, and of these a considerable number having disburdened their consciences, we have a large body of evidence from which to compile the following brief narrative.

Thuggee is a criminal product imported, and not indigenous to the Punjab. The importer was a Muzubee Sikh, of the lowest caste, who, about 70 years ago, dwelt near the ancient city of Kusoor in the Manja. This worthy picked up the art from some Hindostanee practitioners at the Hurdwar fair, and having perfected himself and obtained his diploma, brought up his children in the same profession. On his return home he also initiated into the mysteries of the craft certain relatives of his, named Goolab Singh, Ruttun Singh, Sooja Singh and Dhool Singh, who again handed down this heirloom of crime to their offspring. A freemasonry having thus been established, recruits were admitted as occasion might require; the numbers were also strengthened by an accession of deserters and refugees from the grand order of Thugs, at that time sorely pressed by the preventive measures adopted throughout India. The establishment of a Thuggee office at Loodiana also drove many expert members of the fraternity across the Sutlej; the corps was moreover joined by numbers of the disbanded Khalsa soldiery.

These professional murderers are supposed, in their most flourishing days, to have numbered about 700. They soon lost their corporate capacity, dispersed in small gangs of five or six, and spread themselves chiefly towards Mooltan in one direction, and Rawul Pindee in the other. They had no divinities to propitiate with blood; no pass word; no masonic sign; no peculiar dialect; no ceremonies, and not even any fixed method and instrument of death; their only object was murder for gain; their only union was complicity in crime; their plunder was spent, not in votive offerings to the goddess of destruction, but in drunkenness and debauchery. Death by strangulation was no article in their creed. In their estimation the club or the sword was equally eligible with the thong. They never buried the bodies of their victims, but left them a prey to the elements, beasts and birds; in short, their whole conduct and demeanour exhibit a recklessness, ferocity, and absence of fixed purposes, the very opposite to the subtlety, patience, and methodical perseverence of the Hindostanee Thug.

We have thus endeavoured to bring down the history of Thuggism to the present period. We lay no claim to originality in the matter of the article; it is a compilation from every source within

our reach; in some instances the very words of our authorities have been retained. Our object in bringing the subject forward is to show the efforts which the British Government have made for the suppression of these dangerous hordes, these pests to society, and the eminent success which has attended those efforts.

W. H.

July, 1852.

AN INDIAN NIGHT PIECE.

The day is done; the long and languid day,
With all its glaring, hot and windy light,
Throw wide the doors; enjoy, as best we may,
The calm, if not the coolness of the night.

Still, as of old, the moon shines, undistrest,
She, like the soul, unchanged in any clime,
Moves to our own dear regions of the west,
Unlike the soul, she waits on tardy time.

Land of the loved! e'en in our darkest hours,
How true to thee, our spirits aye will roam,
And haunt among the trees, the birds, the flowers,
And all the once-unprized delights of home!

Land of the laurel and the myrtle wreaths!
The brave, the wise, the beautiful, the free!
Our hearts regain their beat, when memory breathes
The recollection that *we sprang* from thee.

Land of our birth! it never may be given
To close our eyes on thy maternal breast;
Yet many paths may all conduct to heaven,
Die we in armour—leave to God the rest.

Nor is our lot all desolate, O friends,
Leave the dear Past to slumber in the moon,
Work, while the present time its day light lends,
The dawnless night is coming—ah how soon.

Even here is home! the roof, the friend, the wife,
Our English hearts are with us to the last,
Toil for the land that gives your means of life;
Toil for her sons, if here your lot is cast.

So, when the great Enquirer takes his seat,
And watchful Angels crowd the court's great dome,
Saxon and Indian unashamed may meet,
Receive one mercy, and one changeless home.

H. G. K.

ADDISCOMBE.*

ADDISCOMBE House, once the property of the Earl of Liverpool,† is now, as most of the readers of *Saunders'* may be aware, the residence of the Lieut.-Governor of the Hon'ble Company's Military Seminary, and from this institution about seventy cadets, on an average, are annually drafted off to recruit the army of their Hon'ble Masters in India. The two years there spent, form no unimportant era in the life of the student. From fourteen to twenty is the limit comprising the ages of the 150 Gentlemen Cadets there assembled, and these six years are decidedly the most important in determining the future objects and destinies of most men's lives.

While resident there, we could hardly judge with impartiality of the merits or demerits of the system pursued. But we may perhaps now consider the inquiry not uninteresting, as to the influences of the Institution on ourselves and others, and that a lapse of a few years and a distance of some thousand miles, intervening between us and our object, may enable us to view the question through a proper focus.

I believe that with most, at least of those I have met in this country, their recollections of the place are rather ungrateful than otherwise. Certainly, "distance lends enchantment to the view" of our former schools and colleges, more than almost anything else, for though I never met a believer in the heresy that school-days are the happiest period of our lives, yet it is equally uncommon to meet with men who are insensible to the pleasure of revisiting in after life their old schools and schoolmasters.

But with Addiscombe (and I imagine with most Military colleges,) the case is almost the reverse. The fact is that the whole of Addiscombe life is a stern hard reality, scarcely for one moment blended with anything sentimental or imaginative. There are no classical or time-honored associations connected with the place, as at Oxford or Cambridge, and the absence of which the late Dr. Arnold lamented so much in the case of Rugby and Haileybury; nor are there the ties of the well conducted private school to bind us, the individual interest taken in the pupils by the master, and the feeling of identification with the honor and interests of the establishment which strengthen in proportion to the length of our residence there. We felt, on the contrary, at Addiscombe, that it was "every one for himself" and the "d——l take the hindmost." We were working for our commissions—for our bread and cheese—we had there to a great extent to determine our future pur-

* I beg leave to direct the reader's attention to a very interesting article on Addiscombe in No. 3 of the *Calcutta Review*—published in 1844. I have not however trespassed on the ground taken up by the Reviewer.

† There is still a story extent of Pitt, Dundas, and one or two others, after dining at Addiscombe House, dashing through a turnpike, on their return to London on horseback, and the Prime Minister being fired at by the outraged pike-keeper with a blunderbuss, for not having paid the toll.

suits and position in life. The average daily studies lasted eight or nine hours—there were but two uninterrupted hours allotted for recreation, and those two hours were usually spent either out of doors, or inside public houses. Our Addiscombe "Mater" was anything but "alma" to us—in fact the only "mother" we knew was mother D —— at the hospital, or the respectable old lady who vended dairy delicacies in a wheelbarrow at the foot of the stairs leading to "Slosh-Hall." We rather should have figured to ourselves, had we thought at all about the matter, the grim visage of the Serjeant Major as the presiding Genius of Addiscombe. Indeed, I doubt very much whether the Muses can ever get on sociably with Mars and Bellona. I don't think Porson or Newton would have made much of a figure on parade, and even Turner's pictures must have become unimaginative under the influence of "extra drills."

These, however, were defects necessarily arising from the very nature of Military colleges, unless we may except the French, who, were they now living under the old classic deities, would inevitably create a Muse of the Art of War. As it has been well said of the two nations—the English may be warlike, but the French are military.

The charge, however, which the Calcutta Reviewer brings against the Addiscombe system, and in the truth of which every one who has been there must concur, is far more serious and indefensible. That a system should ever be maintained, whose manifest tendency it is to induce an utter disregard for truth, and that too in a Military college, must equally surprise and disgust all to whom it is known. It is the bounden duty of all entrusted with the education and training of youth, to induce a proper course of conduct, at any rate by motives which are pure, even if not the highest which can be appealed to. If they cannot enforce truth by the precepts of religion, they were bound to endeavour to do so, at least by the dictates of honour.

But a system of espionage, in which truth is never believed when told,* and where lies obtain all the credit of truth, must and does aim a terrible blow at the moral healthiness of those who are the victims of it. As I heard it once expressed by a Cadet, "I leave my veracity in my private waistcoat pocket," to be resumed, he meant when his mufti was again donned at the vacations. It was well for him if he could so resume it.

As to the charges of smoking and drinking brought pretty freely against Addiscombe Cadets, I am quite sure that the practices were much increased by the strict prohibitions against them. After a day's hard work, a long walk into the country was a good preservative of health, and a glass of ale in a public house during the walk was surely no great crime. If this had been allowed under

* It was not thus that Arnold acted in his method of Government at Rugby—"Any attempt at further proof of an assertion (by any boy) was immediately checked, 'If you say so, that is quite enough—*of course* I believe your word;' and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that 'it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one.'"—[*Arnold's Life, &c.*, p. 89.]

proper restrictions, enforced by the (cadet) corporals, I don't think there would have been such scenes as were but too common. The tendency of unfledged youth is decidedly to be "fast," and this can never be better carried out than by despising and setting at nought the constituted authorities. Consequently, when dire penalties were denounced against smokers and drinkers of every shade and grade, and Sergeants were stationed on the rious roads to act as spies, result may easily be guessed. Boys of 14 or 15 went through unheard of, self-inflicted tortures in their endeavours to smoke without being sick; all the Sergeants who were willing to be bribed, were bribed, and those who were incorruptible were easily evaded. The number of convictions might be 1 in 500 cases. I speak within bounds, and 30 or 40 *Gentlemen* Cadets, shouting and singing, and perfuming the air with stale tobacco-smoke, would march past on the Beckenham Road, under the very nose of the dreaded Sergeant Major, defying him to *prove* the crime of which his olfactory nerves were sufficient evidences enough to him.

The course of study pursued at Addiscombe, must be allowed on the whole to have been excellent perhaps more time might have been advantageously devoted to the acquisition of practical knowledge of the laboratory, of gunnery, or of sketching and surveying in the field, but there were many difficulties in the way not easily to be overcome. Cadets arriving ready "crammed" from the various preparatory schools, had, doubtless, a considerable advantage over others. But Mathematics was *the* test 'par excellence,' and cramming in Mathematics cannot go beyond a certain point. I am inclined to think that the best men arrived at the top with tolerable certainty, the gradation of those who stood lower could not, perhaps, be so fairly determined, though from no fault of the examiners. Complaints were loud that too great a preponderance was given to Mathematics over other studies, and doubtless a very moderate acquaintance with the Integral Calculus or even Conic Sections was sufficient for those who were hereafter to graduate in the Barrack Department, or command troops or batteries of artillery. But I conceive that this study was intended rather as a test, than as the most practical kind of information that could be imparted, and, as a test, I think it was successful, while it certainly formed the best ground work for all future scientific acquirements. I may, however, be allowed to doubt whether a large amount of Mathematical knowledge is a certain sign of qualification for the duties of a Civil Engineer. Surely a talent for drawing and designing is at least as useful, and I certainly remember one or two names standing somewhat low in the Mathematical rank, who might yet be thought to evince as good a promise of Engineering talent as some who stood higher on the general list, and who doubtless were their superiors in general acquirements.

It is, however, easy to find fault, but not quite so easy to devise remedies. I prefer returning to my personal reminiscences of

the two not unhappy years I passed within those studious walls.

And here let me recall the memory of those pleasant walks between 5 and 7 P. M., when the labours of the day being over, we explored the interiors, and imbibed the ale of one or other of the neighbouring 'publics,' which stood so invitingly open. Shall I ever forget those summer evening rambles to the 'Cricketers' at Addington, when oft times on our return home, we heard the last bugle blowing as we climbed the stile at the entrance to the grounds, and had barely time to take our places pantingly in the ranks, being saved by that gentle-hearted bugler, who, unmindful of the Seageant Major's frowns, would still linger on the last notes of the call, to give all poor stragglers a chance. Of the pleasant six who formed our party, it may be long ere any two of us shall meet again. May I not name the philosophical H ——, rejoicing in his pipe — F —— the hirsute, whose whiskers were the envy of us all—and W ——with his quizzing glass so immoveably adherent to his eye. Alas! alas! while I now write, we are all growing into care-worn men, whose talk is of steps, and attention directed to the state of our livers. Yet a few more years, and we may subside into fathers of families with anxious longings for the Commissariat, or already counting the remaining years, we have to serve!

The two most important days of the term were decidedly the first and the last. How well I remember the rush made into the Sergeant's Office by the newly arrived Cadets, to discover who were to be the Corporals for the term, and the increased assumption of dignity by those whom a year's residence had entitled to the privileges of carrying a stick and putting their gloves under their shoulder strap. All so different to the huddled crowd of dismayed 'Greens,' who stood at the door of No. 4 Barrack, full of dismal reflections on the stories they had heard of the atrocities exercised on new comers by the old hands!

But the last day of the term! the examination day! when the Directors arrived in their carriages and four, and the cocked hat of Toole, the once renowned toastmaster, was recognized on the box of the Chairman's vehicle! Who does not remember the excitement as to the number of Engineer Commissions that were to be given (at least amongst those who stood high in the list)—only equalled by the mysterious importance of Mr. C —— who amid breathless silence in the Examination Hall, and in a voice husky with consequence, would announce that "*six* were recommended for the *corpse* of Engineers!" After which came the solemn speeches, when we were told with what certainty virtue and industry attained to distinction in India, how interest went for nothing, and talent availed everything in that favoured land, (at which sentiment our Indian visitors were troubled with a swelling on the cheek, as if they had put their tongue there, only I don't suppose they did, because everybody knows that the Chairman spoke truth!)—what delightful creatures the sepoys were, and various other pieces of information, calculated to give us a clear idea of the Paradise to which we were all bound. And then who can forget the Grand Parade, where the intricate evo-

lutions of the sword exercise were shown, and concluded by the abominable flattery of the renowned Professor of the Sword, that he had only lately inspected the officers of H. M. — Lancers, who certainly did not come up to the Gentlemen Cadets in point of efficiency with their weapons! And then the rush to the Railway station, accompanied by the friends who had come down to witness our triumphs — and the handshaking to be renewed for the last time with some at the Term Dinner the same evening, when we bade adieu to those who had been our companions and friends for two years, and parted, alas! but too often never to meet again!

Immortal 'Tarts!' how could I omit thee in my reminiscences? and forget the gusto with which thou wast wont to press thy "tart and custard, sir," upon the hesitating customer, or thy Scotch buns which thou didst recommend, as "so werry filling at the price!" There was a tradition current among us, that 'Tarts' had never been absent from Addiscombe one day, save during the vacations, for more than 30 years,—there was a further tradition that he had been in the P. R., but his exploits remain unrecorded in "Boxiana" to the best of my belief.

Nor can I pass over my recollection of my first Church-Parade on Sunday, when "the of the bow legs" examined the ranks with an increased amount of importance (if that were possible)—and the stillness of those ranks, and the awful voice that commanded "Every file to look steadily to his front—there is one file looking at the clock!" and my simple wonder in my ignorance that a man on parade should be denominated a "file!"—and then the loud "Quick march!" followed by the crash of the band, and I confusedly stepped off with my *right* foot, and felt myself every inch a soldier!

But I may not close this article without a passing allusion to our erudite Professors. Need I mention the kind-hearted, spectacled W— with his quaint smack of the lip, and solemn memoranda relative to the dispensing of slate-pencil? or M— with his trinkling eye and wonderful stories of the Duke of Wellington, and the emphatic "*Set* down, sir!" that usually wound up the narrative. Is not thy name, oh! M—, though thou art now gathered to thy fathers, still a masonic sign and bond of fraternity to all old Addiscombe 'alumni'—and scarcely less so is thine oh! B—, whose 'colloquial' might have puzzled the sagest Pundit at Benares—and where art thou too F—, whose exhortations to hem! hem! put on a little more *bleu!*" contrasted so strangely with thy colleague S—'s partiality for Sepia and sea-paintings. Verily, I would gladly give up a year's existence to shake you all once more by the hand, and visit again those well known scenes, the "Kennel" in No. 1 Barrack—and the "*Swab's*" Room—and the Pavement sacred to Old and Young Cadets, and the "Snip's" shop, and the "Banqueting Hall," famous for "Mahogany" and "Swipes."

Oh! Reader, it is good to recall the scenes of thy youth, and to wish thou couldst renew the time when thou wast a Jolly Cadet at Addiscombe!

DELTA.

OUR NORTH-WESTERN FRONTIER.

It has become quite the fashion in England to lament the constant extension of our Indian Empire. It is invariably attributed to the lust of conquest, desire of fame, or unbounded avarice.

Urged on by such uncontrollable passions, we are said to be ever seeking quarrels, and courting wars for the mere sake of empty glory or personal aggrandisement. Such short-sighted individuals can never trace back present effects to their primary causes, and therefore attribute every misfortue we now suffer to the errors of the present generation. They cannot, or, perhaps to speak more correctly, pretend not to see that we are now merely reaping the harvest from the seed sown by our forefathers. They cannot comprehend the lessons which almost every page of history teaches us that sooner or later nations, as well as individuals, pay the penalty of their crimes; that as it is a physical impossibility to reap wheat where only tares have been sown, so is it utterly futile expecting to extract peace from the elements of war. They will not see that what is now taking place is but the inevitable result of the reckless ambition and heedless acts of those who first planted the British flag in the Indian soil; that it is in fact the fruit of insatiable cupidity and unwarrantable aggression exhibited by our forefathers in their pursuit of wealth and power. In the year 1689, at the time when it was first laid down as a determinate object of policy, that independence was to be established in India, and dominion acquired; and when the Hon'ble Company of Merchants trading with the East informed their agents that the increase of their revenue, as well as of their trade, was the subject of their most anxious solicitude, in that year were first implanted those germs of infection which have ever since been neutralizing the otherwise healthful vigour of the British constitution, and rendering nugatory all the attempts that have been hitherto made to check our progress or consolidate our empire. Providence, in his inscrutable wisdom, so overrules the waywardness of wilful man, that whilst He permits him to pursue his own course, He nevertheless with His Almighty power, works out the purposes of creation; and, whilst rejecting the blighting decrees of Fatalism, yet sees fit to implant a *Destiny* in all things. It is therefore useless, worse than useless, to be perpetually bewailing and lamenting the inexorable decrees of Providence, who is ever accomplishing His will, by such stubborn instruments as man, and will not exempt any nation or people from undergoing the punishments resulting from infringements of His laws. Far better would it be to yield unconditional surrender to His power and to employ the future in endeavouring to act in strict accordance to His wishes, and thus avoid sowing the seeds of misery to be

reaped by the generations which must follow after us.

Let us rather imbibe the lessons of experience which the pages of history every where teach us, and by thus avoiding the errors of our ancestors we may be enabled to leave behind us a firm and lasting kingdom for the benefit of our posterity.

It is clearly written in the history of nations, and is even predicted by "coming events which cast their shadows before," that the Saxon race shall multiply and replenish the earth,—the Divine fiat to "*advance*" has gone forth, and where is he who can countermand it? To the sceptic, we would prefer pointing to the future, rather than to the past, although in so doing we may have occasion to allude to the latter. Glance which way we will, is it not a fact, O Sceptic! that from the east and the west and from the north and the south, the Saxons are converging to a common centre? Trace their progress across the globe, and see if you can prove that they are not about to meet on the Pacific Ocean. What the nature of that meeting may be, is far beyond the powers of mortal man to predict, or even to point out the exact spot where that meeting will take place, whether amidst the ten thousand isles of Polynesia; on the densely populated coasts of the Celestial Empire, or of the kingdom of Japan; or on the much coveted Sandwich Islands* it is equally impossible to affirm. Nevertheless, in all human probability, this event cannot be far distant. Leaving the settlement of this vital question to the infallible result of the previous succession of events,† let us now commence and proceed with the object of this article.

Having crossed the Thurr, or "Little Desert," and the Indus, the English cannot halt anywhere between that river and the passes leading into the countries of the Affghans and Beloochees. The river Indus has always been, and even is now, regarded as the natural boundary of India: its valley, however, is *within* that country; the real boundary are those ranges of mountains which shut out the elevated plains and arid deserts of Affghanistan and Belochistan. If, on the other hand, we deny that the physical features of countries can have anything to do with the boundaries of kingdoms, and we prefer to be guided by the races of men, their manners, languages, and customs, we shall even then find that the Indus cannot be regarded as an exact demarcation, for along the upper course of that river there are Affghan races speaking the Pooshtoo language, in possession of both banks. If we proceed lower down into Scinde, there also we shall discover that similar tribes inhabit the opposite sides of the same river.

Apart from all political considerations, we must, therefore, proceed across the Indus for a permanent and indisputable boundary.

* The Sandwich Islands belong to Great Britain by right of prior discovery, and by treaty; but we have lately seen that the United States are only waiting a favorable opportunity to annex them to their already gigantic empire.

† For a full development of this view the laws of nature, by which the physical and moral world are governed, vide Combe, "On the constitution of man."

The Indus, after a course of nearly 500 miles to the nor-west, washing the northern base of the Himalaya, and fed by tributaries from the north and south, breaks through that chain after receiving the waters of the Gilgit valley from the nor-west. Its course thence a thousand miles to the sea, is a little west of southerly. An invading army from the west, aiming at the conquest of India, would have to cross that river at some point or other before it could proceed into the interior; from this single circumstance the Indus has been considered the natural boundary of that country, and as forming a good military frontier of the British possessions. A knowledge of the adjacent country will readily undeceive us; but, in the first place let us ask, is a river frontier of upwards of a thousand miles in extent preferable to one formed by ranges of rugged mountains? We have Napoleon's opinion in favor of the latter.

The range of mountains running from the Himalaya, north of Peshawur, to the sea at Cape Monze, near Kurrachee, is a more formidable obstacle to any enemy than the Indus, even in its swollen might, ever could be. A hundred thousand men placed along the left bank of the Indus could not oppose the ingress of an enemy half so successfully as thirty or forty thousand stationed in the rugged defiles of the Hala and Suliman mountains. In order to shew that these ranges are peculiary adapted both by nature and position to form our nor-western frontier, we will endeavour to lay before our readers an intelligible description of them, condensed from the best and latest authorities.

From the Himalaya in the neighbourhood of Peshawur to the sea at Cape Monze, we have a continuous range of mountains, the separate portions of which are distinguished by different names. The most northerly, or that portion extending in a southerly direction from the Himalaya to about 29 degrees 30 minutes or to the neighbourhood of Hurrund and Dajel, is known as the Suliman mountains.

They have a general direction parallel to the Indus, with the exception of in the latitude of Kohat, where there is a sudden deviation to the westward, and after a course of several miles, as equally an abrupt return to the southward. Extending in this last direction as far as the northern confines of Scinde, they form the natural boundary between the Punjab and Affghanistan. They attain their greatest elevation in latitude 31 degrees 35 minutes, where the summit of the Tukht-i-Suliman, or "Soloman's seat," called also Khaisa Ghar by the natives, is nearly 12,000 feet above the sea. The length of this range is a little more than 300 miles. The eastern declivity dips rather steeply to the valley of the Indus, giving rise to numerous water-courses which fertilize the Derajat and the adjacent valleys, and are expended either by absorption or irrigation.

It is remarkable that no stream rising in this range is known to reach the sea in any direction, or by any channel, except the Kurrum, which discharges a scanty volume of water into the Indus, about 25 miles below Kalabagh. There is however the Taee or

Teeo, which, rising near the village of Kyee, in the Meeranzie valley, and after flowing through the Hungoo and Kohat valleys, empties itself into the Indus about 18 miles above the town of Kalabagh. Over the Suliman range are several passes, many of which have been accurately observed and described by modern travellers. They are renowned also in history, for through them poured the countless hordes of Tamerlane, the Tartar, and of other merciless freebooters, to lay desolate the fertile plains of India.

It will be as well, before we proceed any further, to give a short account of each of these principal passes.

There are three passes leading from the Peshawur into the Jellalabad valley.

The first in order to the northward is the Kadapa Pass. This is a circuitous route; it crosses the Caubul and Lundye* rivers to Hustnuggur; thence recrossing the latter, but higher up, it proceeds through the Kadapa Pass to Lallpoora, whence recrossing the Caubul river, it joins the main route to Jellalabad.

The second in rotation to the southward is the Tartara Pass. This route keeps to the right of the Caubul river, and joins the main one near Duka, at the western extremity of the Khaiber Pass.

The third and principal pass is the one last mentioned, and is too well known to require any further notice. The first and last are tolerably good roads, and are considerably frequented, but the centre one is scarcely practicable for cavalry. The next in succession to the southward is the Bungush route.

It passes through the Kohat, Hungoo, and Meeranzaie valleys, and crossing the Suliman range through the Bungush valley, proceeds to Caubul, along the southern base of the Sufeid Koh. The fifth route into Affghanistan proceeds through the Bunnoo and Dour valleys, and so across the Suliman range to Ghuznee. Nothing appears to be known of the nature of this thoroughfare. There is a sixth route as little known as the last. This leads from Dera Ishmail Khan to Tak, Kanegorum, and so on, to Ghuznee. From Dera Ishmail Khan are two other roads, one to Ghuznee and the other to Kelat-i-Ghilzie. The former of these proceeds up the Gomul river, and through the Goolairee Pass. This is the middle one of the three great thoroughfares leading into and from India, the Khaiber being the northern and the Bolan the southern one. The second one is called, we believe, the I erabund Pass, and leads both to Kandahar and Kilat-i-Ghilzie.

The ninth route proceeds from Dera Gazee Khan through the Boree Pass to Kandahar. Baber led his army through it in 1505, and it is still occasionally used by caravans. There is also another route between the two last named places; it leads through the Sakhee Surwar Pass, and is very little frequented. The eleventh route across the Suliman range commences at the village of Sangad, on the road from Dera Gazee Khan to Shikarpoor, and proceeds in a nor-westerly direc-

* Often called the river of Swat, as it flows down the centre of that valley.

tion to Raknee at the western extremity of the Sakhee Surwar Pass. It is rather a good route, and practicable for wheeled carriages.

We have now arrived in the neighbourhood of Hurrund, whence the Suliman mountains take a sudden turn to the westward for the second time, and after a course of about 120 miles, join the Halo range near Dadur. This transverse range is inhabited by Murrees, Beloochees, and, diverging, encloses the valley of Kahun, which is about 15 miles long and six broad. It is dependent upon rain for water. Coming from the nor-west the Hala range of mountains takes a turn to the southward at Dadur, whence to the sea at Cape Monze, its length is about 350 miles. Its highest summit attains the elevation of 11,000 feet above the sea. About one hundred miles south of the Moola Pass the Hala range stretches with diminished elevation to the south-east, forming the mountains of Jutteel, Keertar, 'Sukkee and others of less note, which constitute the dreary and sterile tract occupying the greater part of Western Scinde. In the most southern part its name is changed to Pubb mountains, which, as already mentioned, terminate at Cape Monze. The Bolan Pass, situated at the junction of the Hala and Kahun ranges, is called after a stream of the same name, which winds its way through it. The Pass is 55 miles long, and varies from half a mile to three and four miles in breadth. It occupied the Bengal Army in 1839, six days to drag heavy guns through it. The high road from Sukkur on the Indus to Kandahar proceeds through this pass. At Beebee Nanee, 26 miles from the entrance, a road strikes off due west to Rod Bahar and Kilat. Five miles from the eastern extremity of the Pass is situated the village of Dadur, whence there is a route across the Kahun mountains to Tull, a small town in the desert of Sewestan.

Sewestan is situated in the re-entering angle formed by the junction of the Kahun and Suliman ranges. The Moola or Gundava Pass, the next in succession, generally follows the course of the Moola river, and conducts by a circuitous route, from Cutch Gundava to the elevated region of Kilat. It is about 100 miles in length, and is thus noticed by Masson:—

"In a Military point of view, the route, presenting a succession of open spaces connected by narrow passages or defiles, is very defensible, at the same time affording convenient spots for encampment, abundance of excellent water, fuel, and more or less of forage. It is level throughout, the road either tracing the bed of the stream or leading near to its left bank."

Between this pass and Cape Monze, are doubtless several others, but with a single exception, we have been unable to get any account of them.

The Guncloba, the most southern one of all the passes is described by Hart as "stony, of trifling ascent, and "the descent equally gentle." The high road between Kurrachee and Sonmeanee leads through it.

The above is a very short and defective account of the mighty barrier which nature has formed between India Proper, and the countries lying on the westward

of it. And who, viewing this vast rampart with an impartial and unprejudiced mind, could fail to discover in it the boundary line which nature has laid down between the low sandy plains of Hindoostan and the more elevated and inhospitable regions once the centre of the Dooranee Empire? Even looking at it from a Military point of view, one must arrive at the same conclusion, viz. that it is eminently fitted, all other things being considered, as an impregnable frontier for a Military empire.

What then are the objections to our advancing and planting the British flag on the lofty crest of these rugged mountains? The danger arising from having warlike and hostile races between us and the Indus, and the consequent impossibility of keeping open the communication, as well as the difficulty of obtaining supplies in sufficient quantities to permit an adequate force holding permanent possession of the several passes, are always the objections raised whenever we attempt to argue on the subject. We will, therefore, now endeavour to shew that a great deal too much stress has been laid on these circumstances. That there are difficulties in the way, both political and physical, we are not disposed to deny, but all we shall contend for is that they are not insurmountable, and not such as a great and powerful Government like our own should shrink from, much less be unable to overcome, particularly when on the attainment of this object depends the peace, safety and welfare of our Indian empire, and more remotely that of the parent country.

In attempting this self-imposed task, we must first give a hasty outline of our present position; then we shall be able to advance with greater confidence to the discussion of our subject.

How we were thrown into this position is too well known to require a detailed explanation here. How a Gough conquered, and how a Gilbert pursued, the enemies of their country, are too recent events to be yet forgotten. But it may not be as well known that it was the original intention of our rulers, on the breaking out of the second Punjab war, to restore the Trans-Indus territory to its former owner, the king of Caubul, from whom it had been but recently wrested by the one-eyed monarch of the "Land of five rivers."

Doubtless the object our rulers had in view, by making such a generous restitution, was to get rid of a troublesome province, and moreover to convert, if possible, an insidious enemy into an honest ally. How these delightful anticipations of getting honourably quit of an undesirable territory were nipped in the bud is known to many.

How our intended protegé tried to help himself to what he so much coveted, and how for that purpose he sent an army to contend against us on the fertile plains of the Punjab, is perhaps the best known of the many acts of the drama which closed for ever the Sikh dynasty.

Thus he, whose doubtful friendship we were about to purchase, threw down the gauntlet, little dreaming that the English were so soon about to pick it up, and to force him to make a precipitate and disgraceful retreat within the in-

numerable fastnesses of his own inhospitable dominions.

We have now strung together the record of events which have but recently occurred before our eyes, and which lead to our permanently crossing the Indus and our occupying the several positions which we still hold.

At Peshawur, situated about the centre of an extensive and fertile valley, and on one of the chief thoroughfares to Caubul, we cantoned a large force consisting of about ten thousand men, and containing a large proportion of European troops. This was constituted our largest and most important frontier station, and it is also the most northern one.

The next point selected was Kohat, in which were placed two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and a light field battery. The third site chosen is in the Bunnoo valley, and the fort of Dhulleepghur was garrisoned by a regiment of infantry, to which has been since added one of cavalry and a company of artillery. The fourth spot fixed upon was the town of Dehra Ishmail Khan on the Indus, where one regiment of cavalry was posted. At Dera Ghazee Khan were stationed one regiment of cavalry and one of infantry, and a light field battery. And to Mitunkote, the last and sixth place in the Derajat, a regiment of cavalry was sent.

With the exception of at Peshawur, all the troops at the other stations were irregulars, and have since been formed into the Punjaub Irregular Force, commanded by a Brigadier, who resides at Dera Ghazee Khan.

Thus were the troops disposed along our frontier, or rather we ought to say, such were the strength and position of the frontier force as soon as definite arrangements could be made. Soon after this period, however, circumstances arose which called for, or rather appeared to call for the formation of outposts and even the extension of territory. This was the first step towards the consummation of what we always foresaw, and the ultimate effect of which we are now about to delineate. During last year, the constant and harassing incursions of the Momunds, the Swattees, and other predatory tribes, rendered some defensive measures being taken absolutely necessary, and at the recommendation, we believe, of a gallant General, certain forts were ordered to be erected on the confines of the Peshawur valley.

These forts were two in number, viz. Shubkudr and Michnee or Dubb, and were built near the foot of the hills in the possession of the Lallpoorees, and on the left bank of the Caubul river, close to where it flows in three channels; the ostensible purpose being some dispute about land between those who acknowledged, or pretended to acknowledge, our supremacy, and those that did not do so.

Between Kohat and Bunnoo, the necessity for protecting certain Salt Mines led to a fort being built at Bahadur Khail, about 14 miles west from Nurree.

The cause of our annexing the upper portion of the Meeranzaie valley was the prayer of the inhabitants requesting to be brought under our rule in order to be protected from the perrenial visits of the armies of Caubul for the purpose of collecting reve-

nue. Along the Derajat advance posts were likewise thrown out.

Thus along the whole of our newly acquired frontier outposts were formed, chiefly for the purpose of checking predatory incursions into our territory; that they have hitherto failed to answer this purpose, has been abundantly proved. In the first place, the forts in the Peshawur valley have only served as plague spots, constantly irritating and exciting to aggression the very people whom they were intended to overawe;—and the fort at Bahadur Khail, up to the present time of writing, has been of little use according to the most authentic information we have been enabled to obtain, in preventing the Vizeerees and other turbulent tribes from plundering the salt whenever it has suited their convenience, or their purposes.

With regard to the people of Meeranzai, we have hardly fulfilled our promise which we made to them during our "military promenade" into their country. The people intended, by submission, to obtain the location of a powerful force in their immediate vicinity, to afford them efficient protection, but instead only obtained a few village authorities and a nominal police force, totally inadequate to perform the duties required of them.

The force sent to take possession was barely able to hold its own, and to return in safety. What then is our actual position now?

Peshawur is completely surrounded by hostile tribes, and Attock is the only spot in our rear which we can fairly call our own, and that is situated on the left bank of the Indus. Also the only known pass between Peshawur and Kohat, called the Kothul, is in the possession of the Affreedees; and to keep open the communication, Government pays their chief, Ruhmat Khan, black-mail to the amount of 6,000 Rs. a year!

In the rear of Kohat, the only two roads communicating with our Cis-Indus Provinces are in the hands of our enemies — one, the more northern, and called the Goomhut Pass is held by the Affreedees; and the other leading to Kalabag and over the Shukkurdurreh Pass belongs to the Khuttucks, and partly in the hands of other inimical tribes.

Europeans and merchandise passing through these hills, either require a very strong escort, or some of Ramut Khan's men, against whom the other mountaineers feel a great disinclination to act, from motives of expediency. They do not wish to create quarrels amongst themselves, and thus weaken their own party; and so on to the end of the chapter it might be filled with equally unfavourable accounts of our position with regard to the various races of people inhabiting the districts on the frontier of the Derajat. The mountainous portion of the Trans-Indus Province is, we believe, called the Damaun. What the causes have been to bring about such a state of affairs it is hopeless attempting to unravel, but one of the immediate causes of this determined opposition towards us was undoubtedly the imposition of a rupee a maund duty upon salt. This sum was soon reduced to four annas, but still the impression remains that we only lack the opportunity to enforce the original duty.

We may here pause to ask, whether it is expedient or just to levy a tax of two rupees a maund on all salt consumed by our peaceful subjects in the Provinces Cis-Indus, whilst we dare not demand more than an eighth part of this sum from their turbulent neighbours. One would have thought that a duty of one rupee would have been quite sufficient until such time as we could equalize the tax on both banks of the river. Besides, the salt sold at Kalabagh is actually dug from hills on the right bank of the Indus. There exists, one may say without exaggeration, whole mountains of Salt, to procure which does not cost the Government more than two annas a maund; whilst tons are wasted during every heavy rains! Streams of brine actually flow into the Indus; and when they cease upon the soil is left a thick incrustation of this mineral of a brilliant whiteness. Does it not appear then very injudicious, nay, even criminal, to put so exorbitant a duty upon such a necessary of life? Doubtless the revenue requires assistance from this source, but surely it cannot be wise to make so broad a distinction between our peaceable and troublesome subjects, especially to the detriment of the former? In conclusion we would urge that neither 'policy' nor 'expediency' are to be found in the Divine vocabulary. Besides is it proper for us to create an artificial scarcity, when nature is so abundantly lavish?

Now let us return from this digression.

We have given above what we honestly consider to be [illegible] position beyond the Indus, and the causes which have led to it; we have therefore now only to consider what must be our next step. Can we remain as we are, and in our present position? Certainly not. Can we re-cross the Indus? We fear this is equally impossible. What statesman would seriously recommend such a step, much less attempt to carry it out?

We are not at this present moment prepared to argue whether we ought ever to have crossed the Indus. We ought certainly to have considered the consequences of such a step before we annexed Sind; but it is now useless to lament the necesity that compelled, or the policy that induced us, to pass that river at first. The Rubicon is crossed, and we cannot recede, and it is equally clear that we cannot possibly remain as we are. The fact is, that Providence has been working out His will, and the state of affairs on the Nor-west, and on the Sou-west is, if we would but see it, nothing less than the finger of God pointing out to the British Empire the roads to the fulfilment of its mighty destiny.

If then we can neither remain stationary nor retrace our path, there is no alternative left but to *advance;* and it remains for us to show how this may best be accomplished. Were the Americans in our place there is no doubt as to the conduct they would pursue. "Go ahead" is also the order of the day with them.

Were the Emperor Severus, or His Celestial Majesty Che-Hwang-te at the head of affairs, he would build walls to keep out all troublesome neighbours; and were a Nebuchadnezzur in the place of a Dalhousie, he would as certainly transplant the vexatious

Affreedees, Vizeerees, and Swattees, *et id genus omne*, to the plains of Hindoostan, and people their country with a more submissive population; and the last of these different plans would undoubtedly be the best; but the days are past for such wholesale transportation* and the difficulty how to deal with such people is still unsolved. The only course open to us consistent with reason and morality, is to set about their subjection by persuasion and force combined. We must become possessed of their strong-holds by force of arms, and then we must endeavour to teach them the advantages of peace and civilization.

That they will at first prove very refractory pupils, and that vast quantities of blood and treasure will be expended in the attempt to subdue them, there cannot be the least shadow of a doubt, yet the task has been imposed upon us by Providence, doubtless on our own seeking, and it therefore must be accomplished.

We have not the slightest wish to underrate either the dangers or the difficulties of our present position on the Nor-west frontier, but when all but one road is closed by which we can hope to escape them, would it not be suicidal to procrastinate until that one also be shut against us? Under such circumstances we had better commence upon our task at once, and begin laying down the foundation of a sound and definite policy, by which we may hope to accomplish our destiny with the least possible danger to ourselves, and the least amount of suffering to our foes.

To anticipate and provide for all contingencies, and moreover to bring to a successful issue a series of operations which must necessarily, for completion, be distributed throughout many years, requires no doubt a comprehensive mind, unflagging zeal, and a firm conviction in the justice of the cause, to enable a man to undertake the duty with the least chance of ultimate success.

Yet we feel the result will be certain, if only a wise and prudent policy be at once adopted, and be vigorously carried out to the end.

Our first step in this direction should be to secure certain points on the banks of the Indus, so as to be always sure of being able to cross that river with ease and safety. Yet this desirable and precautionary measure has never been fully taken. It is true we hold Attock and Dera Ishmael Khan, as well as Leia, but there is not a single military post between!

We require one at Kooshialghur,† another at Kalabagh, and a third at Esau-Khail; besides others at Puharpoor and Tak, to keep command of the Largee and Peyzoo Passes. For the benefit of our readers, to the majority of whom the Damaun and the Derajat are lands of mystery, we will stop occasionally to point out the *geographical position* of the places we may have occasion to mention. Kooshialghur then is situated on the right bank of the Indus, between Attock and Kalabagh. It stands on the high road from our Milita-

* We must respectfully beg leave to make [illegible] in the favor of Emperor Louis Napoleon! There appear no limits [illegible] acts, but we are content to wait to see the result of them.

† Reader, kindly take the map, otherwise you [illegible] be unable to follow us.

ry station at Rawul Pindee to that at Kohat. It moreover is within eight miles of the Goombut Pass, which leads to the Kohat valley. The possession of this point is absolutely necessary to carry on military operations on an extended scale.

Esau-Khail is situated on the left bank of the Koorroom, near its junction with the Indus, across which there is a much frequented ferry at this point. It lies moreover on the chief eastern entrance into the Bunnoo valley by the Durreh-i-tung Pass. The Peyzoo and Largee Passes also lead into the last named valley; and Tak and Paharpoor are built near their southern extremities.

Having secured these points, we can then proceed to the subjugation of all the tribes holding the hills and the passes between the Indus and our frontier stations. Our next business will be to construct good roads communicating with our rear. Having done thus much, we shall still require uninterrupted communication beween our respective outposts, before we could attempt to make the slightest advance.

We must therefore proceed to take possession of the Kothul, or the pass between the Peshawur and Kohat valleys, as well as the different ravines and glens between Kohat, Bahadur-Khail and Bunnoo. We shall then be in a proper position for advancing with some reasonable hope of success to encourage us in vigorously prosecuting our arduous undertaking. Proceeding thus surely and safely until we have annexed and subjugated the valleys of Hungoo and Samilzaie, as well as those of Meeranzaie Dour, Khost and Bungush;* we may then fearlessly mount the crest of the Suliman, and look down in defiance upon the discomfited Affghans. That this great result is to be obtained by mere military promenading, or even by conquering our foes in the field, is too ridiculous an idea to entertain for a moment. We have lately had enough of such short-sighted policy. We must be prepared to get possession, and keep possession, of their fastnesses at all hazards.

Hill warfare is no doubt very harassing and difficult, but "where there is a will there is a way," and we have only to set to work in earnest and with a good will, when we shall find that mountains will dwindle down into mole hills, and rough edges be turned into polished surfaces. The tide of success will roll on, although each wave may retire as it breaks upon the shore.† We must now say a few words with regard to the possibility of our holding the various Passes leading over or through the Suliman and Hala ranges. In the first place, our plan of approach will have secured us two things, a thoroughly subdued people, and good roads in our rear; whilst the banks of the Indus, and the several valleys of the Damaun being decidedly fertile, there should exist no reasonable apprehensions with regard to a sufficiency of supplies being always procurable.

* The valleys of Kohat, Hungoo, Meeranzaie and Bungush, stretch out longitudinally to the westward, to the foot of the Suliman range—the Simulzie lies to the north of the Hungoo valley; whilst those of Dour and Khost are situated to the southward of the Meeranzaie, and north or norwestward of the Bunnoo valley.

† Adapted from Macaulay.

By that time too, there will be another circumstance in our favor,—our troops will be completely inured to mountain warfare. To secure this immense advantage as soon as possible, we would humbly recommend to the authorities to make each regiment in turn, as well as every troop and company of artillery, cavalry, sappers and pioneers, &c., serve two years at least beyond the Indus. A large and well equipped mountain train would also prove of great service,—the fragment of one now in Huzara might form the nucleus. There is one more important circumstance yet to be considered, and that is the supply of water in the passes. The most frequented, and therefore the most desirable ones to hold, have undoubtedly an abundant supply of water. They generally have a permanent stream flowing through them. Those without water might be safely left to the hostility of Nature to guard them, for it is very evident that if a handful of merchants cannot traverse them in safety, a force sufficiently large to do us any harm could not also penetrate through them.

We trust we have now succeeded in smoothing down some of the principal difficulties, and explaining away the chief objections to our looking upon that range of mountains which stretches uninterruptedly from the Himalaya to the sea, as our only permanent and legitimate boundary. If we look upon the subject even in a commercial point of view, we shall still be forced to the same conclusion. The uninterrupted intercourse between merchants of adjacent countries surely cannot be considered as a trifling point to be gained in these days of enlightened commercial policy!

We feel very disinclined, even at the risk of becoming tedious, to conclude this article without making a few remarks concerning the Punjab Irregular Force. It is mostly composed of men belonging to the tribes we are so anxious to see subdued. That they are ready to fight against any foe was abundantly proved by the gallant behaviour of Captain Coke's corps of infantry in the late expedition undertaken against their own blood relations, and one man had even his own father killed in one of the actions! What further proof of devotion could any man require? But like all semi-civilised mountaineers, they are very impatient of restraint or discipline; they possess no confidence in our style of warfare, and therefore pertinaciously stick to their own. This has been abundantly proved whenever they have been taken into the field. As soon as they got the order to advance, all discipline was at an end, and each man acted independently. Docile and persevering on the parade ground, yet they cannot be restrained before an enemy. Eager, fiery, and dauntless, they rush headlong at the foe, forgetting the lessons of their drill instructors, and the first duty of soldiers, 'obedience.' But a few years' practice and experience will correct all this. By degrees they will learn to place confidence in their officers and in their weapons, as well as see the advantages of discipline, when they will make first rate light infantry men. But what we sadly want across the Indus is a body of experienced riflemen, men arm-

ed with the Minié rifle, who know how to take advantage of every prominence, every projecting rock, and every bush ;—men whose steady arm and practised eye can make every bullet tell. Two thousand such men would make short work of clearing the hills of all marauders. Aye! even half that number from the backwoods of North America would depopulate, in the moderate space of two years, if required, the whole of the Damaun from the Himalaya, north of Swat, to the Bhuttunnee Hills forming the northern boundary of the Derajat. The light field batteries are composed of pretty much the same sort of men, with the exception of the addition of a few Sikh artillerymen, for whom it was necessary to find employment on the annexation of the Punjab. These batteries have but one European officer attached to each. Whether such a paucity of European officers, who must be looked upon as the bones and sinews of the native army, is either wise or economical, we are prepared to dispute. In the first place, should the Commandant be either killed, or seriously indisposed, who is to take his place at the moment when his presence might be most required? Secondly, in the Regular Artillery, a Captain and three Subalterns are considered as the proper complement, the Captain to take the general management of the battery, and look to the direction and effect of the shot, for which purpose he is obliged to stand to windward, and out of the way of the smoke, whilst each of his Subalterns work two of the guns, such being the greatest number we have always been told, which one officer can serve properly. It is just possible he may work three imperfectly, if he be a smart and active officer. How then can one officer perform all these different and responsible duties? But we may be misinformed on this subject; we shall therefore take up another line of argument, for which we shall not require the aid of a scientific education.

If one officer be sufficient for a battery, why are four attached to them? If four be the necessary number, then it is very clear that one must be totally inadequate to render a battery efficient on service. We leave to the authorities the choice of transfixing themselves on whichever horn of this dilemma they please!

The climax, however, of this anomalous system is attained at Subathoo, where a battery has been stationed for years without either officer or gunners.

There is yet one more point which we wish to lay before the public tribunal. All soldiers are aware that the native portion of the Regular Army get an handsome addition to their pay in the shape of Sindh allowance from the day they cross the Indus; but the Punjab Irregular Force does not. There is no great hardship or injustice in making this distinction, because the men enlisted under this agreement; yet it always would be as well not to canton together for any length of time these two distinct branches of the army. This prudent precaution the authorities seem to despise, for last cold weather we were surprised to find a company of regular artillery being sent to Kohat, where, we believe, they are to this day, as we have not seen or heard of their removal.

But our object in bringing this case forward is two-fold; the first is the discontent it is likely to create in the bosoms of the men in the irregular force; they must feel all the emotions of hatred and jealousy rising up in their savage breasts, whenever they ponder over the great favor shown to the contemned Bengalee.*

Our second motive is to point out the uncomfortable position of the officer or officers with that company. They must be the only individuals without an addition to their pay, whilst the men they command, as well as those with whom they must associate, are in the receipt of handsome allowances. Their expenses must be the same, to say any thing of the probability of their having had to build; besides this they incur equal risks from the climate of the place, whilst their fellow countrymen get handsomely paid for voluntarily submitting to these pecuniary and other disadvantages; yet because the former were *ordered* there, they get nothing extra, although the natives they command, and who are equally obliged to obey, get a liberal addition.

When Government wishes to raise a reserve company of Artillery in Bunnoo, they never expected to get an officer to command it, without some handsome addition to the pay he got with his regiment, being held out as an inducement. They therefore wisely determined to create a Commissary of Ordnance to the Punjaub Irregular Force, and to place the command of the company under him.

In bringing this peculiar case forward, we have not been actuated by the desire to serve a friend, or any private interests whatever: our object being simply to point out how an unnecessary hardship is inflicted for want of a little generosity on the part of our rulers.

In conclusion we trust, that whilst treating on the various subjects introduced into this article, we have not written a single sentence which may justly give offence to any body. We have studiously avoided the use of any seemingly ambiguous expression, through fear of having it interpreted into an insidious attack upon some private or public individual. We have, moreover, endeavoured to handle the subjects in an honest and dispassionate manner. We can, therefore, fearlessly await the judgment of an impartial public.

* They look upon all men from beyond the Punjab as Bengalees and Kafirs, not that they hate the Sikhs the less, but they have rather a better opinion of their courage.

SYLLABIC ENIGMAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF SAUNDERS' MAGAZINE.

My dear Sir,—A friend of mine, writing from a remote jungle in Western India, among other matters mentions a new theory which he has conceived upon the subject of charades. He says that now-a-days we must not expect that people will condescend to "cudgel their brains" for the purpose of discovering a couple of syllables which, when found, are not worth "making a note of." He remarks that charades, owing their name to the egregious idler who invented them (for he throws bodily over board such fabulous people as *Orthos* and *Chimœra*, and *Typhon* and *Echidna*, and even *Œdipus*) were devised as an exercise for half witted people, and not intended to be instructive, but simply innocent and amusing. That copious writer Maunder calls such exercises "Syllabic Enigmas, which may be considered complete if the whole of three parts unite in an epigrammatic point." My friend says that charades now-a-days are only framed upon the puzzle principle; and that the more difficult they are of rational solution, and the greater the amount of time occupied in the attempt to solve them, and by consequence the larger number of human beings who borrow useful time from better business for this insane object, the more they are esteemed to be intellectual productions, and he instances that remarkable charade about Sir Hilary at Agincourt, which even the Editor of the "Notes and Queries" cannot make head or tail of, though he believes it to have been written by Winthrop Mackworth Praed. My friend sees however no real difficulty about it at all, and says there are half a dozen solutions which have occurred to him in his jungle. Sir Hilary, he remarks, utters "two syllables by way of prayer," the *first* being good for such gentlemen as having had a tough fight, go home with their heads uncracked; and the *second*, he awards to such as are comprised in the usual return of killed, mortally wounded, or missing, but especially the former; the *whole* is considered a proper offering for the ladies. Now, "Christ-mass," "farewell," good-night," "Ribbon," and a variety of other solutions would satisfy the conditions required, and yet none of them would be at all soothing to the long baffled inquirer. He therefore considers it to be a charade not worth the trouble of finding out, and that it was written for the mere purpose of making idle women more listless, and to such by the way he commends one composed by the celebrated Grecian professor Porson, which runs thus :—

"My *first* is the lot, which is destined by fate,
For my *second* to meet with in every state,
My *third* is by many philosophers reckon'd,
To bring very often my *first* to my *second*."

(the only attempt of the kind the poor old fellow ever made and no wonder!) My friend considers that all charades should consist of three little separate pieces of descriptive poetry, suggesting matters for reflection, for memory, or conveying instruction, that they should recall great names, or glorious histories, not *Her-rings* or *Sea-sons* or *Tar-tars* or *Night-shades* (vide British Encyclopædia, article "charade") and he proposes to furnish a few specimens upon the names of *Windy Sratch* and *Washington* and others for the purpose of better illustrating his meaning. He however encloses the following, which he does not estimate highly, and has no very clear conception of the second part himself, although he has heard that in some out-of-the-way part of the world there is a structure of very vast age which emits lugubrious sounds during night, the song becoming more cheerful as dawn approaches; and he says that the idea of interpreting such sounds is *original*. Perhaps it is, I am unable to say. However if the lines are up to your mark, they are at your service, if you will supply the sponsorial pica in their behoof.

I.—DESPOTIC.

Where heaves with wanton wave the Blue Ægean,
Laving a land in despot darkness bound,
Mute now the vine clad Glee, the Bacchic Pæan—
Cross legg'd, cross grain'd, cross featur'd, turban crown'd.
Chewing his cherry stick, he sat and frown'd,
Alike on crouching slave and stern haught Janissary,
On pard like Priest and Spahi, on serfs around,
Bearded—for here each lip and chin of man is hairy.
Murky in mind, and cloudy in complexion,
All mirth crushed down in mental genuflexion,
Train'd up in blood, no kindly feeling fost'ring,
In ready recklessness, from boyhood nurst,
To face the fray or bow beneath the bowstring,
Unblest, unloved, much feared and mutely curst,
Hispid and Hirsute scowled my savage First.

II.—MEMINISSE.

A weary wilderness of desert dearth!
Forlornness featured on the livid earth!
No breath of life from ambient Æther beckon'd
To stir from silent soulless sleep my Second!
Hark! on the sand struck midnight wan and pale,
Titanic lips toned down to infant wail,

A cryptic choir of primal harmonies!
The smothered sobs of buried centuries!
The plaining sighs of worlds by past and gone!
Suggestive too the strain,—now-dirge, now moan-
Till touched by breath of advent matin gale
It turns to hymn—the giant granite stone
Recalls the path old time had sinful trod,
To pour at last from cold colossal height,
A hopeful homage to the Living God,
Praise for redemption, thankfulness for light.

III.—THE CHIEF.

MIGHTY 'mid the mighty ones of hoary Eld,
In fever'd troubled sleep his sense scarce held!
That white haired vision of the night once more
Fills up the gloom within the warrior's tent.
That aged form again above him bent,
With suasive accents urging as of yore.
A King to arm, to mount the battle car,
And for one wanton, wake a world to war!
Then other woful sights by fancy wove
Appalling shapes in sad succession move;
A graceful girl too beautiful for earth!
Recalls a desolated priestly hearth!
A maiden weeping o'er a steel clad corse,
Avenges now with tardy dread remorse,
A comrade's outraged desecrated love.
Anon a sad wan face with unkempt tress,
Warning despised recalls of once lov'd prophetess!
Success invoked at most unhallow'd price,
A virgin daughter's bloody sacrifice!
A second wanton, in an injured *wife*
His own,—oh! little in the battle strife,
His plume triumphant, did he deem a life
Which seem'd a charm'd one, stamped with victory,
Should thus ignobly end through woman's perfidy!
Such, if the dead e'er dream, as is averred,
Would make the life march mem'ries of my THIRD!

E. Y.

LINDENSTOWE.

A TALE.

> "Serene will be our days, and bright,
> And happy will our nature be,
> When love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security."
>
> Wordsworth.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Our scene is now at Naples.

It was a beautiful evening in the beginning of winter, when a barouche, containing a party of English, might have been seen threading its way amongst the many other carriages which were then thronging the Chiaja. The party consisted of two ladies and a gentleman. In the features of one of the ladies, you might recognise, though sadly altered, the dark eye and haughty expression of Eva Lattimer. The other was her little mother-in-law, quite as fair, as impassive, as Chinese as usual. The third person was Lattimer himself.

"What an evening for winter!" cried Eva, looking up in enjoyment to the clear sky; "it is like spring at home, is it not, Norah?"

"Yes," said Norah, turning her eyes upwards mechanically.

"Is it not charming, papa?" said Eva to Mr. Lattimer.

"Oh, it's very well," he answered, "it's just the same in Devonshire or in the Greenhouse at the Coliseum. I do not know what we are fooling out here for when we could get just the same, at half the expense at home, not to speak of a thousand comforts which are impossible here."

"Well, let us go back," said Eva, peevishly, "I am sure I am very sorry you ever came on my account."

"Yes, yes, I dare say," replied her father: "let us go back, when you know we can't, when the winter 's well set in; jolly weather for travelling, not so bad that."

Eva was silent, and no one spoke for some time, till Lattimer, who was sitting with his back to the horses, fixing his eyes contemptuously on poor Norah, asked, "Well! have you nothing to say? You're a very lively companion to drive out with: would you have the kindness to speak."

Norah looked up timidly, and turning in an awkward way towards the sea, said—

"Yes, it is very pleasant."

Lattimer leant back in the carriage, and declared with a loud laugh that she had better learn a few bits by heart out of *Mangnall's Questions*.

The little woman's white cheek flushed for an instant, but immediately afterwards she sunk back again into waxen indifference. These few sentences will serve to shew that the harmony of the party was not great this evening,

and this evening, unfortunately, was a type of many others.

Lattimer's marriage had turned out wretchedly. Unsuggested by affection, unhallowed in design, as its aim had not been mutual happiness, so its result was mutual unhappiness, a result one can hardly wish may not attend, to discourage, profanation of our brighest feelings and desecration of our holiest rites.

Lattimer had married Norah, because he thought she was a convenient sort of person *to* marry, and in the hope of a second family, on whom he might center all his hopes and plans.

Norah had married Lattimer, because her mother wished her to do so, and poor little soul-less creature, whom no Seraphim had yet touched with living fire, she did not discern, in all its repugnance, the sin of giving the hand without the heart, for she hardly knew what the heart meant.

For some time after their marriage matters went on comfortably. Norah's characterless habits rather suited Lattimer: as she did not interfere with him in any sort of way, and he could be as obstinate as he wished; and, moreover, as she was not at all demonstrative, even when she possessed any liking, he was never 'worried,' as he would himself have expressed it, with sentiment. But it did not please Heaven to bless their union with any children: time was stealing on: and every day rendered Lattimer's hopes less likely to be fulfilled. His health, too, was breaking, he was troubled with a wearing chronic complaint, and now, in the hour of sickness, he began to feel he was not so independant of affection as he had supposed. He yearned for tenderness, and a little sentiment at this time would have been an agreeable sympathetic medicine.

In such a state, disappointed in hopes, irritated by bodily suffering, poor Norah's deficiencies became very palpable to him. He saw how unfit she was for a companion, and he did not restrain himself in expressing his contempt for her.

Eva, too, was in a weak state of health. The abrupt reverses of feeling, which it had been her lot to encounter, acting upon a naturally excitable disposition, had, in their reaction, left her depressed and listless.

For some persons under these circumstances, you might have feared for the brain; but with Eva, her love of nature, and the impulsiveness of her heart (not wholly lost) served to rouse her at times, from that apathy, which might otherwise have been so dangerous. And little Norah! was she really, it may be asked, was she positively, within herself, so impassive. It would be well, if she were, you might think; for then her husband's unkindness would be lost upon her. But it was not entirely the case. For one day Eva going into the sitting-room, a few minutes after her father had left it, found Norah in a sort of marble tears. That is, there were one or two small drops slowly trickling down the placid cheek, or hardly disengaged, hanging like glass beads, in the lashes of the motionless lid. And she asked Eva's advice as to how she could please Lattimer, and made a resolution to talk fluently, in short to chatter: a resolution which was followed the next day, poor

creature, by some insipid openings of conversation, speedily checked by Lattimer with rudeness.

The carriage containing our discordant party was turning homewards, for it was growing dark, when a voice was heard to say, just from behind—"I think I have the honor of addressing Miss Lattimer."

Eva looked round: the words proceeded from a rather pale gentleman on horseback.

It was Lord Redgate. He was greatly altered, much thinner: and neither in dress or expression any longer exhibiting that air of fashion and dissipation observable before.

"How are you Lattimer?" he asked. "Have you all been long here? I am only just come from Rome."

"We've been here a month," replied Lattimer, "and are heartily sick of the place, but I suppose we 're in for a winter now."

"I am afraid," said Lord Redgate, "that it is colder here than at Rome. Sebastiani declares that cold will not affect me, but I shrink from the trial."

"You 're ill too, are you?" said Lattimer; "we're all ill ourselves, and no chance of any of us getting better."

"Introduce Norah," whispered Eva.

Lattimer in an awkward sort of way complied. Just at this moment a carriage passed rapidly by, in which a tall lady was seated, dressed in Oriental costume, and accompanied by one or two Italian gentlemen, who were laughing and talking in a loud manner.

Lord Redgate appeared perfectly taken aback by this singular party.

"Who can that eccentric lady be?" asked Eva laughing. "I never saw such a creature."

"Why," said Lord Redgate, coming close to the carriage, and speaking in a low voice, "I am sorry to say it is my worthy mother, Lady St. Peters, who I had hoped by this time was safe at Como." Eva felt a little confused, but Lord Redgate relieved her immediately by changing the subject. "Have you seen any of the lions yet, Miss Lattimer?" he asked.

"Not yet," she replied: "we have been living very quietly. We have seen, you know, the Museum and so on, but we have not been out to Pompeii, or any where in the neighbourhood."

"I am so great an invalid," said Lord Redgate, "that I hardly enjoy any thing; but Sebastiani says that I ought to *do* all the places, it would rouse me. People tell me that we must go to St. Giacomo to-morrow, to see the funeral mass. Shall you be there?"

"I hope papa will be persuaded to go, but he is very lazy."

"Not taking another turn? Then I must say good night, *au revoir* to-morrow at St. Giacomo."

The sudden transformation of a man of pleasure into an invalid is not perhaps very common. It arose with Lord Redgate from an alarming circumstance. He was playing at billiards one day in a public room in London, and was in the act of making a stroke, when he perceived a sudden numbness in the arm, and this was accompanied for a few minutes with loss of speech. It passed off shortly for

the time, but was succeeded the same evening by more violent symptoms. He fell to the ground insensible, and a dangerous illness confined him to his bed for some weeks. He arose recovered, but a different being. He was struck down a roué; he left his sick-bed a hypochondriac. His general health returned, but his nerve had failed. And now the same love of variety which had led him from pleasure to pleasure, induced him to spend most of his time in devising new plans of diet, in trying the effect of new climates, and in studying the latest nostrums and panaceas. An Italian physician, with whom he had become acquainted in Rome, of the name of Sebastiani, and who wished to visit Naples, on matters which he carefully concealed from Lord Redgate, had offered to travel with him for a very small salary. And every morning poor Sebastiani, his dark eye brooding over far deeper thoughts, had to portend a great interest in the report of Milford, as to how he had slept and so on; and the patient's happiness for the day depended a great deal on the physician's opinion of the tongue and pulse.

One morning, a short time after they arrived at Naples, Lord Redgate and Sebastiani were out walking together, when just, at the corner of a street, they came upon a gentleman on horseback, in a military uniform, who was attended by one or two other persons, who looked like officers. As Lord Redgate observed that every one bowed to this horseman, he also took off his hat. On turning round to ask Sebastiani who it was, he was astonished to observe the physician in a most singular attitude. He was standing still, with his right hand in his coat pocket, as if feeling for something, and there was a hurried expression in his eye, as if an opportunity was just escaping him. His attitude altered the instant Lord Redgate turned, and suddenly becoming ashily pale, he staggered against the wall.

"You are ill," cried Lord Redgate, in alarm. But Sebastiani recovered himself in a moment, and they continued their walk. "It was the King," said the physician, "and I wished to present a petition; never mind, the chance is lost now."

CHAPTER II.

The Church of St. Giacomo was crowded almost to excess. There was a funeral mass for a Neapolitan nobleman, who had always been attached in a warm manner to the Clergy, and had assisted all their institutions, most largely, with his purse. The nave and aisles were hung with festoons of black and white cloth.

The nobleman's christian name had been Giovanni, and St. Giovanni his patron saint. It was the gentler John whom Jesus loved, not the stern preacher of Baptism. In this Church there was a shrine, in one of the side aisles, dedicated to St. John. The altar-piece was by Carlo Dolce, a head of the beloved apostle. This shrine was peculiarly arranged for the solemn occasion. It was gracefully shrouded with black velvet, and the few lights burning were so placed as to throw their brightness on the

picture. The effect was very beautiful. Amidst, however, much that was costly and striking, there was that mixture of tawdry and tinsel, which cannot but astonish the stranger spectator, who believes in the instincts of the Italian for art. There was a pasteboard tomb in the middle of the nave, of a trumpery description, and ranged round it, pasteboard vases of artificial flowers, which, occurring at Beulah Spa, you could only have forgiven by gas-light. The crowd presented an extraordinary appearance: there were Neapolitan ladies in black dresses, with black veils hanging over their luxuriant hair: there were officers in full uniform; there were city functionaries in their civic dresses, and there were monks and friars of different orders, not to mention a plentiful supply of English,—the ladies charmingly fresh and cheerful, but sadly talkative, considering the place and the occasion—the gentlemen in boots that would make a great noise, and in tempers that induced them to push people at all in the way, and to stare generally, in a manner that seemed to say to foreigners as a body—"what business have you in your own country?"

The tableau must be filled up with the full corps of officiating clergy. The Bishop was there, and many high functionaries, and the number of sacristans and others was increased for the day. Lattimer was not present, but Norah and Eva had come under the protection of Lord Redgate. Eva was half ashamed of her lively and noisy country-women, and wished to get places a little apart. They managed to creep along through the crowd, till they got to a pillar, where they determined to fix themselves. And now began those enchanting ceremonies, so falsely called mummeries, (for the impression they leave is, surely, in no degree tinctured with the false and the hollow); the deep diapasons and harmonies of the organ; the rich oriental perfumes of the incense; the musical cadence of solemn words; the manifold but even graceful gestures of the priests—ah me! would that this delicious dream were not a dream. The imagination seeking to realize its ideal may be an illusion, but it is not an illusion to which false and hollow apply as epithets. It is too real, too earnest for the imperfect elements with which it has to work, and for the cold, unalterable conditions of humanity! Eva was deeply impressed, but chiefly with her own thoughts which seemed to herself to well up out of the heart, under the influence of the scene. She was a girl never the least likely to join a new Church, because she had so warm a sympathy for the good, and gentle and pure, wherever she saw them; and she nominally only belonged to any religious body, being really a member of that catholic band, who, perhaps utterly unknown to each other, possess this common attribute, that when they shall depart from the earth, it will have been better and not worse for men, that they have ever lived. Lord Redgate was standing behind Eva. She was pleased with a remark or two he whispered in her ear. There was nothing original in what he said, but still it showed the first disposition of a mind that had been utterly asleep, to say "where am I?" After the Mass, Lord

Redgate took his companions home. Lattimer was in a little better spirits. Lord Redgate told him that he had been especially commissioned by his mother, who had just arrived to bring their party to a reception which that eccentric person was going to give the next night.

"You will be much amused with her, Miss Lattimer," said Lord Redgate, turning to Eva. "She is really very clever, though rather peculiar in manner. I wish you would persuade her to get rid of some of her Italian protegés: they spend her money sadly, and I believe will get her into some political row."

Lord Redgate was right; there was danger from those same Italians, but they were all secret friends of Sebastiani, and yet Lord Redgate saw no danger in him! How we deceive ourselves! The Lattimers agreed to go, and the next evening Lord Redgate came to fetch them, and took them to the Hotel where Lady St. Peters was staying. Her suite of rooms consisted of three apartments opening into each other.

There was no one in the middle room, which was the largest, but in the left apartment there appeared to be a party of gentlemen only, whilst in the doorways of the right hand room hung curtains of red and white, which entirely concealed the interior.

Leaving Mr. Lattimer in the middle room, Lord Redgate took the two ladies to one of the curtained doors on the right, and on his clapping his hands three times, a Jewish looking girl of about fifteen, in eastern garb, came and partially drew aside the curtain. Lord Redgate then took a little silk bag out of his pocket, which contained a letter in the Turkish style, and gave it the Jewess. In a minute afterwards the girl again appeared. "Come in dear sisters," she said in Italian, and Eva and Norah entered alone. There were a small body of ladies in the room, but the central figure was a tall person in a caftan and turban and Turkish drawers. Her features were scarcely handsome, but it is impossible to describe the wildness and fire of her eyes: they were large and black, fringed with long lashes, and they rolled about as she turned from side to side, sometimes in a half languid manner, sometimes flashing suddenly into vivacity. She rose up, and kissing both Eva and Norah, took them to chairs close to herself. At first she spoke in Italian, but finding Eva answer in French, she changed to English. After some desultory conversation, during which she apologized for the chairs and tables, which she said would all have given place to cushions, if there had been time; she suddenly said (for she had long since learnt their names) "Eva, I like you immensely, and if you don't love me, I'll put you in a novel and make you destroy yourself, for a lover who would rather not have anything to say to you, and as for you, Norah," she continued, looking round at the little woman, "you are very pretty, dearest, and if I was a magician, I would throw a little water on you, and turn you into a Caryatid—and you should hold a lamp on a marble staircase in some beautiful palace, near Florence. Now then," she added in a louder voice, "hush ladies all, hush, we are going to have the Treason."

She then signed to the Jewess, who went out and presently returning said, "He is come."

"Let him in then," replied Lady St. Peters, and getting up, she placed a lady at each curtained door as a sentinel. Whilst this was being done, an Italian of middle age entered the room, and walked up to the table. He was a man of rather a fine countenance, but gloomy in expression, and with a bad, savage mouth.

"Ceritani," said lady St. Peters, "we want to hear how Italy is to be regenerated." Standing where he was, and putting one hand in his breast, Ceritani commenced in a low, but clear, voice, an oration in Italian. There was much to admire in what he said: his eloquence was of an impassioned kind, though throughout subdued in tone, but there were occasionally expressions betraying so false a political morality, that it was painful to think so noble a cause should be sullied by what was utterly fierce and evil. When the oration was concluded, lady St. Peters gave a signal for the curtains to be all drawn aside, and then taking Ceritani's arm, she moved with the other ladies into the middle room. The gentlemen on seeing this, came in from the further chamber; refreshments were brought round, and a general conversazione commenced! The gentlemen were chiefly authors, artists, and so on; an odd motley crew, but such as lady St. Peters delighted to collect around her wherever she went.

When the company were leaving, the hostess begged Eva and Norah to come and talk to her a little. They went again into the Divan, as her ladyship called it, and sat down to a chat. Lady St. Peters had a little hookah brought in, on a velvet cushion, which she seemed to smoke with great gusto, and so puffing and laughing, and making jokes and telling anecdotes, she greatly amused them both, and made even little Norah smile heartily.

Lord Redgate and Mr. Lattimer were talking in the next room, and their voices were audible where the ladies were sitting. Suddenly steps were heard, and other strange voices. Lady St. Peters dropt the hookah snake, and lay back in her chair. At this moment Lord Redgate entered the room, and in great agitation, whispered some thing in her ear. She turned exceedingly pale. Eva was rising to go. "Stay, stay," she cried, "do not leave me now; I will not see him alone; I am too overcome; sit down, sit down."

Lord Redgate went out of the room, and immediately after returned, bringing with him an elderly gentleman.

This person appeared about sixty years of age; his features were very sharp, and his sunk eye turned stealthily in its deep socket with a suspicious expression. He was very thin, and his clothes, though of the latest fashion, seemed to envelope rather than to fit his angular limbs. He walked straight up to lady St. Peters, and putting his arms gently round her, kissed her, as it appeared, affectionately. "We have not met, Henrietta!" said he in a soft mousy voice, "for many years: absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know." He then bowed in an easy, gentlemanly way to Eva and Norah, and sat down. Lady St. Peters burst into tears. "Do not be moved,

Henrietta," the old man said in his meek way, "it produces palpitation of the heart. William," he continued, turning to Lord Redgate, "bring some sal volatile or—yes, much better—bring in Tom, she has not seen Tom." Lord Redgate accordingly brought in a fine young man, with rather bluff manners and very sporting costume, who also came up and kissed lady St. Peters. This strange woman, finding the scene too much for her, with one struggle, and after a momentary expression of passion and hatred resting on her brow, which Eva saw and never forgot, burst into a laugh, and getting up gaily, she said, "Well this is charming! Mrs and Miss Lattimer,—my dear and valued husband. Mon dieu! what a cast for the prodigal son! Here's the prodigal," pointing to Lord St. Peters. "Mr. Lattimer, (he had come in) will do for a father, William for the eldest son, Tom for the fatted calf and the swine in the far country? Have any of your companions come with you?" she asked, suddenly turning to her husband. Eva felt she should not like to witness any more of this, so catching her father's eye, she made a signal, and they contrived to effect their exit. Lord Redgate accompanied them to their carriage: he pressed Eva's hand as she stept inside, and whispered: "Forgive me, if I have been the means of your witnessing a painful scene; forgive and pity us, we are an unhappy family."

He stood under the lamp, as they drove off, his handsome face, softened with illness, was now rendered almost interesting with distress. How little would he, the cool one of a former day, have ever thought that a time would come, when emotion should lend him a charm his gaiety never produced! As Eva looked at him, a thousand recollections occurred, in which he in some degree had played a part, and these, added to the excitement of the evening, brought on those sudden melancholy pangs, which are so sweetly relieved, as they were with her, by soft and unobserved weeping.

CHAPTER III.

Lord St. Peters had left England rather suddenly. A party of gentlemen who had been in the habit of playing with him at Nahum's, had sent him a letter, informing him that they were very sorry to express themselves in at all an unpleasant manner, but they were afraid he was rather in the habit of marking the honors and reversing the cut. This accusation my Lord tossed back with scorn. But that would not quite do. He was cut at the Clubs. So he was obliged to take the advice of a few friends that stuck to him in his trouble, and they recommended an action. However as character was obviously staked, finally, on the result of this proceeding, the old man thought he would like to see Lord Redgate on the subject, and a temporary absence from London being by no means undesirable, he determined to start for Italy. By the assistance of his clergyman's son, he found out Tom, and that gentleman having entrusted the ribbons to his friend Jack Wilson for a few weeks,

came to London to accompany his father.

All the advice Lord Redgate could give his father, naturally was, if innocent, prosecute forthwith: if otherwise, say no more about it, and retire. This was rather a delicate matter to touch upon.

"You see it depends so much upon circumstances," said Lord Redgate in a hesitating manner, as they were talking over the subject. The old fox was watching his face with the stealthy eyes. After a short pause Lord St. Peters said in a gentle tone: "I see what you mean William,—did I cheat or not? No, William, I am clear. My heart acquits me." Here the old gentleman made an odd fumble at his spleen, with his right hand. "Such actions with me," he added, "are morally impossible, and I may say, physically imposssible. Look at this hand," and he stretched out his long bony fingers, with their crumpled skin, "the muscular action is gone, how could I reverse the cut? It is utterly absurd." This was convincing, and Lord Redgate's advice, accordingly, was to prosecute. So in a few days, the old Lord, taking Tom with him, returned to England to redress injured honor, by means of the law.

The events which now occurred are likely to prejudice the reader a little against Eva, unless he will take the trouble to try and realize the circumstances, and to think what else was likely to have happened. Lord Redgate was a great deal thrown with the Lattimers. Lady St. Peters had taken an amazing liking for Eva, and indeed if Eva would have consented to assume the oriental dress, the liking would have deepened into affection. By the way, Eva would have looked exceedingly well in a caftan. Then again the fact of Lattimer's having no family by Norah, suggested to him the dim hope, that a match between Eva and Lord Redgate was yet possible, and induced him cautiously, but constantly, to encourage such a result.

Lord Redgate looked upon marriage now in a different light to what he did before. Of course money was essential to the ruined fortunes of his house, for what money Lady St. Peters had was all her own, and would pass with her out of the family—and the old Lord's account book had long been kept for him by the children of Israel. But he wanted something more. When health and spirits fail, or when, for it comes to the same thing, the nerves are so affected that we think they have failed, we long for some one exclusively our own, to listen to us, to sooth us, to sympathize with us. Now Eva seemed so eminently a person who, if her affections once rested on an object, would pour her whole heart-full of love and tenderness on it, that Lord Redgate could not help picturing how delightful it would be to become that object.

And though he could not conceal from himself, that he was not as yet at all in her affections, still he thought that once married, he should grow to be beloved. But he proceeded very cautiously.

Eva's health was the most dangerous part of her position: apathy so clung to her.

She made no effort to discourage Lord Redgate, she went on liking and seeking his society, for he was always eminently agreeable (and really, how agreeable the most common-place people can be, if they will only try)—she listened to little hints without contradicting them about an " affair" : she even allowed Lady St. Peters to say " Eva will be the only child I ever loved" and received it only with a faint smile. This was all wrong undoubtedly.

It was now a beautiful day in the early spring, and Lord Redgate had organized a little excursion to Baiæ. Lady St. Peters had some time since, got a villa which was situated in that direction, and the Lattimer party were sleeping at her house, with a view to a good start in the morning. When Eva got up, she was surprised on passing the divan (for there was a correct one now, established in the villa) to observe Lady St. Peters already dressed and sitting writing with great rapidity. She went up and asked her how she managed to rise so early. Lady St. Peters looked up for a moment indecisively and then said, " Yes, I will tell you, sit down here." Eva sat down.

" My husband Eva," she said in a low thick voice, " is a gambler, and he has cheated, and cheated so clumsily as to be found out, he has gone to England to clear himself, and he won't be able : I know there will be an exposé, and I mean to strike when the iron's hot." She then shewed the manuscript ; it was a novel called " Legerdemain in High Life," in which, to be brief, her own husband played the principal villain under the flimsy *nomme de guerre* of Lord St. Pauls. Eva could not repress an exclamation of surprise and disapproval. " Ha! ha!" cried Lady St. Peters, her eyes burning with fury, " his cursed coronet prevented me marrying the man I loved, and I'll dog him to his dishonored grave !"

Eva was full of the thoughts excited by this strange little scene. She was anxious and moody as they drove along to Pausilippo. The party consisted only of the Lattimers themselves, Lord Redgate and Sebastiani. The latter spoke a little English, and had been brought to help to amuse Mr. Lattimer. We cannot follow them through a delightful morning. We must come to Pozzuoli, where in the afternoon they put up at a little Inn for refreshment. Whilst they were sitting at table, two foreign gentlemen in blouses, who looked like students, passed the window and looked in.

" It is very singular," said Eva, " that I saw those two gentlemen in the earliest morning near Lady St. Peters', I saw them in the grotto : and I saw them at Baiæ, sitting behind a broken pillar, and now here they are, they have been with us all day."

" Santa Vergine ! rovinato ! rovinato !" burst in Sebastiani, turning deadly pale, and dropping his knife and fork.

In a moment he tried to recover himself and said with a faint smile, in English, " I did think it was some persons come to take the debt of money from me, perhaps ; —but it is nothing."

After luncheon, they all walked into the garden attached to the Inn. Lord Redgate gave Eva his arm, and they passed quietly away from the rest, till they came

to a little arbour. This they entered. Lord Redgate had made up his mind to ask Eva whether now, under the entirely new circumstances in which they were thrown, she would not consent to take his hand, to forget the past, and by determining that the future should be happy, make it so. He had already introduced that most confidential topic himself—when a man from the Inn entered the arbour, and gave him a scrap of paper from Sebastiani. He looked at it, and begging Eva to remain where she was—he would be back in a moment—hurried away. Eva, when alone, looked round the arbour. In a corner of the rude seat lay a velvet reticule. She took it up and opened it; it contained a smelling bottle and a book. Without looking at the title of the book, she opened the fly leaf; there was written in a hand with long tails to all the letters.—"Jane Mary Ann Parker, from her most affectionate and ever deeply attached schoolfellow and friend Sophie." Eva recollected having met a large party of young people in the morning, who looked like a Clergyman's family. Half laughing, she turned to the title page. It was "Chester's Poems." Oh! the myriad feelings of that single moment! A life altered in its whole moral, by the accident of one solitary instant! She turned the pages breathlessly. There was a poem headed "Penelope." It was executed somewhat after the same model as Tennyson's "Œnone." It was the abstract idea of a high and lofty affection, hoping against hope; patient in the ceaseless woe: weaving and unweaving the web to beguile on the days to that hour, of whose coming she never once doubted, when the well-known footstep should ring on the threshold.

The book dropt on the ground: Eva was blinded with tears. Her father entered,—they must go back to Naples at once—a very unpleasant circumstance had happened, the Government had seized Sebastiani: the two students in blouses were carrying him off quietly to prison: it was not unlikely Lord Redgate and Lady St. Peters would be asked to leave Naples.

They returned to Naples: the whole party anxious and silent. The next day very bad news came from England. The newspapers were full of the decision in the celebrated gambling case. Private letters told how nothing else was talked of, but the "affair at Nahum's." The physical plea had failed. If Lord St. Peters could deal, shuffle, hold his cards, he could perhaps do other things with them: it was at any rate within the reach of possibility. In a word he was a lost man—marked, dishonored, expelled from society. Lord Redgate had to return to England to look after his family affairs. But before he went, Eva had managed to show him, as a woman can do, without one cold look, or one bitter word, that she could never be his. With his discernment and caution, he perceived it instantly, and they parted kindly—but only as friends.

Lady St. Peters got frightened of her Ceritanis and other political friends, and beat a retreat to Malta.

"Let us be off home again," said Lattimer, "I am sick to death of this horrid Naples."

CHAPTER IV.

His little village depressed Arthur Chester. True, he could run over to Lindenstowe, and occasionally Mr. Chester would come and spend a few days with him. The old man had been in great sorrow for Arthur, but he tried hard to repress all expression of it. He observed with regret Arthur's low spirits, and told him, what indeed was true, that it was want of aim and action, and that work was the great invigorater. But Arthur did not see clearly his line of work. In the ordinary routine of duties he was never negligent, but they seemed but trifling and of little interest. In theological study he took no delight, and his reading in general, was of a desultory character. His mind wanted bracing. He nearly at one time persuaded himself that his mission was that of the poet, and that the best course he could pursue, would be to rest quietly where the influences of external nature were strong, and so produce as the inpulse suggested. To few is such a career possible, and even to them fraught with danger. Perhaps happily for him, health gave way in the autumn of 1846, and he was recommended to travel. He proposed visiting Egypt and the Holy Land.

He started on a bright October morning from the gate at Lindenstowe, and proceeding to Southampton, joined the overland steamer on its voyage to Egypt. The sea-air, the bustle of the scene; the odd, cosmopolitan, half vulgar, half cordial society of the passengers soon roused him to health and spirits. He accompanied his ship companions as far as Cairo, and could not restrain a hearty laugh, though a sad feeling was behind, as he saw the motley set, girls and boys, and fierce old men and funny old women, huddled into the vans, and galloping off, smoking and shouting and laughing, to the strangest destinies, some to honors and reputation, a few to wealth: some to disgrace, and not a small proportion to early graves!

Then he turned to the solemner parts of Egypt to the mysterious places, gloomy with the shadow of Time's impenetrable wings: to the colossal fragments, to the dumb historic ruins, and the imperishable traces of the Nameless.

A great Poet used to experience the sensation that Nature wanted to tell him something, and he felt pained he could not relieve her distress, he could not understand her complaint.

How these haggard buildings seem to try and intimate, "hear our story and level us in the sand." But we cannot hear it, and they moulder on through Ages which love them not. They who venerated and cherished them have long been folded in their last cerements and forgotten!

Arthur returned to Cairo and made arrangements for the journey to Jerusalem.

Charming novelty—after the dull proprieties and comforts of English life; the march and the tent and the long pipe and eastern garb, and the melancholy desert! On this we need not dwell.

It is natural to every one, but more especially to one who has undertaken to preach and teach religion, in wandering through,

> "those holy fields,
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross,"

to examine more closely for himself the character of that being, whose associations have rendered Palestine what it is to us.

The result of Arthur's calm and dispassionate reflections confirmed him in the general view, taken by the Church of which he was a Minister. But one trait in the disposition of Christ, which had previously not struck him so much, was His intense sympathy with the poor ignorant herd.

One afternoon Arthur was sitting amongst the figs and olives of Bethany; he had a little Latin Testament in his hand which he had bought at Malta, and was turning it over to find some passage, when he came on the 6th of Mark. The 34th verse was marked with a black line, and a date 1795 affixed. The verse ran thus:—"*Tunc egressus vidit turbam Jesus, et commiseratione intimâ commotus est super eis, quoniam erant ut oves non habentes pastorem: cœpitque eos docere multa.*" There was a French name in the fly leaf, and Arthur thought the mark and date meant to allude to the French poor, without a Church at that period. However he could not believe that the words in exactly that form were in the Testament, till he referred to another copy: they seemed to come to him with so new and solemn a meaning. He began to catch inklings of his mission.

Arthur returned by Constantinople. On the voyage from that city to Malta there was a person who engaged his attention very much. He was a man about thirty, handsome in face, and stout and vigorous in figure. There was a singular air of readiness and ability about him. His very clothes looked able: he seemed ready for walking or riding at a moment's notice. His dress fitted him exactly, and you felt he was entirely comfortable in it. If it rained, an oil skin coat and hat were ready instanter to meet the emergency.

Writing materials were available with him in a moment; his desk contained everything in itself, and if there was a spare five minutes or a vacant five feet space, he could write and prepare a letter utterly suitable for the post. He spoke in an impetuous way, and walked half fiercely. He immediately saw that Arthur was a Clergyman, and he generally conversed with him on the prospects of the Church. Arthur was surprised with the vigor and clearness of his thoughts. He never mentioned his occupation, further than making remarks, which obviously showed him to be connected with the Press.

They were nearing Malta, Arthur and this young man were walking on deck. "They pretend at home, some of them," said the latter, "that the people do not want any more Reform, that the old bill satisfies them. Ridiculous nonsense. What does it matter whether the people want it or not. Is it coming? that's all. Is the Government going year by year more into the hands of the people or not? Of course it is. Who can look on and lie? Now the people are

your especial province if you Clergy knew your duty. If they *must* govern, you gradually teach them how to do it. A Democracy always ends in confusion and ruin, grumble the Historians. Always *has* done, tell them back, what do you know of the Future? Perhaps we may see a Democracy that does not. And I'll tell you one word more, you Clergy, if you do not wind yourselves round the hearts of the people; if you do not get the masses to support you, there is another party that will play your cards for you—ay! and a good deal more than that too, will sweep you out of your places; it is a party which the sapient supporters of our monarchical institutions have long been determined to alienate from the throne, and if it, and not you, play the people's friend, wheugh for England!"

"What party do you mean?" said Arthur.

"ROME," said the young man.

They were just at the harbour mouth of Valetta, and as they approached, the *Corfu* steamer was seen coming out. This was the vessel the young man expected to catch. However he was perfectly ready—his luggage was at hand, his coats and umbrella in a corner—he had himself put into a boat, and a few minutes after sat down to dinner on board the *Corfu* steamer, (it was just fair), as if nothing had happened.

And Arthur saw him no more; and yet perhaps few of his intimate companions had influenced his mind so much as that stranger.

EMIGRATION AND SCENES IN A NEW COLONY.—NO. II.

It is now my intention to show that if the Association dreamed a magnificent vision of colonization, they attempted to realize the vision by the most earnest and sensible practice. It appeared to them desirable that the transfer of the colonists to the new land should be conducted in large and well organized bodies; that the individuals composing these bodies should become personally known to each other, and elect their leaders, who would form a Committee to discuss their business, and make known their wants. For this purpose the Association took a good house in a Row facing the River called Adelphi Terrace. This they portioned out into their own business rooms and the public rooms for the colonists. They accumulated every information which power and industry could gather. Every book on New Zealand was ranged in the Library collecting for the Colony. The walls were covered with pictures of the country, the tables strewn with maps. Knots of intending colonists, those curious or interested in the Colony, and others anxious for information, were constantly to be found chatting in these rooms. The Committee of the land purchasers assembled and discussed their affairs on certain days, and crowds of ladies and gentlemen filled the public room every Wednesday, when all the business transacted, and all the information received for the preceding week, were laid before them. Colonists from New Zealand often appeared on the platform, to whom questions were freely put by individuals in the crowd. The wisdom of this was appreciated by those who saw how well it worked. Intending colonists became known to each other, and connected by a strong bond, and many friendships were made that will last through life. The experience of hundreds became the property of all. Every nail wanted, every hinge required, and all necessary information was obtained by him who asked, and so perfect was the idea conveyed of the site, of the settlement, that what I saw on landing only confirmed what I saw before, in my mind's eye. The interest taken in the settlement thus fed, grew apace, till its advantage became one of primary importance with all. Members from the Committee of land purchasers assembled every day to answer questions which came from every part of England; others received strangers and pointed out the advantages of the site, and the theories on which they acted. So the Association, whilst forming the colonists for emigration, and giving them a clear knowledge of, and preparation for, the difficulties before them, created their most efficient Agents for the propagation of the scheme. When a person called at the Canterbury rooms, he was received by a gentleman in the most courteous manner: no hired servant, but one himself a colonist, and taking a deep interest in the welfare of the settlement. The great difference of the phrase—"I advise you to go," and "I advise you to

follow"—was fully felt. When these people met on board the ship which was to carry them to the Antipodes, they were known to each other, and had much in common, and no set could have sailed more fully prepared, and with a more clear idea of a spot so little known "as the district which now forms the settlement of Canterbury," than was in England. And how did these colonists sail? In ships better fitted up, with more comforts and at a cheaper rate in proportion to the length of voyage, than any body that ever left the shores of Britain or any other country. For proof of this I refer any curious one to the city article of the *Times* dated February 1851. The system upon which this was conducted was there detailed, and much praise bestowed on Mr. Bowler, the efficient Agent, and now himself a colonist. In each of these ships sails a Clergyman of the Church of England, who reads prayers every day; a Surgeon, who superintends the steerage passengers; a Schoolmaster, who teaches the children. These officials are in nearly all instances colonists themselves. Pigs, fowls, ducks, sheep, &c., and a milch cow are put on board for the cabin passengers; preserved fish, meats, jams, fruits, tea, coffee, &c. In short the material for supplying a good table is there, and supposing one is at least 120 days on board before finally landing, and the cost of the cabin is forty guineas, it follows he is boarded and lodged at the rate of 7*s*. per diem; for beer he is charged 10*d*. a bottle, for sherry 3*s*.; so for a sum *per diem* not considered extravagant for a dinner in the great emporium he lives well whilst being carried to the Antipodes. It is by details such as these we get at the real working of the scheme, and see the effect of well directed combination. The land purchaser brings his labourers in the ship in which he sails, chosen by himself from his own village or town. The number he may bring depends on the number of acres he has purchased, but one pound of the three for each acre is paid back in the shape of cabin passage and passage for his servants. Who will say that the land purchaser does not, in this instance, receive the worth of his money? By means of these excellent arrangements the colonists sailed in health and harmony, and arrived as brethren in the Colony. Thus the Association have organized and transported the colonists, but their great effort was directed to meet and smooth away the difficulties experience had taught them to look for in a new settlement. By the indefatigable industry of their Acting Agent, Captain Tomas, and a staff of Surveyors, nearly all the block was surveyed and clearly laid down in maps; the sites of the Port Town and capital chosen; streets marked out and sections divided off. A ship laden with carpenters and timber arrived from Hobart Town. Emigration barracks, store houses, a sea wall, a wharf, an Agent's house soon rose, and two hotels, the houses of the workmen, three or four shops, —not to mention some two hundred Maoris, imported as workmen from the Northern Island—gave animation to the scene and a village-like appearance. This importation of the Maoris was an experiment boldly undertaken, when we consider that the last visit of

the tribe to the Peninsula was to eat their countrymen. Wood was carried round to Christ Church, and offices commenced, and then Capt. Tomas set about a work of singular daring—the road between Lyttelton and Christ Church. This energy was a convincing proof to the other settlements, that the scheme was no dream as far as its execution was concerned. Ships laden with stores and provisions arrived; labourers flocked in, and when the emigrants appeared, a little village welcomed them. More than in any other way it was by the appointment of their Agents that the Association showed themselves as a body so capable. The clear understanding and powerful intellect of G. Wakefield, Esq., (though not connected with the Association) was seen in the system adopted to organize the emigrants before their departure for the settlement. The active mind and persevering energy of Captain Tomas were well adapted for clearing away the roughness of a new Colony. The skill of Mr. Bowler was most successfully shown in his admirable arrangements for the transfer of the colonists, by which he combined safety, comfort and economy, but he to whom the Colony will remain for ever indebted is the chief Agent Mr. Godley, one of the originators of the scheme. I will not attempt to describe his qualifications for the office, for I should appear to exaggerate at the same time that I did not do him justice, but this I will say. He was the only person, place, or thing I did not hear some one abuse during my stay in the Colony. One may well imagine the difficulties of the cards he had to play, but I confess his complete success is beyond my comprehension, though a partial success is very easily imagined.

Winter had fairly set in, and the New Zealand Alps, the backbone of the Middle Island, instead of being streaked with white, was covered with its snowy garb when I first saw that glorious panorama. Our ship bounded like a race horse before the strong southerly breeze. Away on our port-beam lay the chaos of mountains in all their stupendous grandeur, stretching to the right and left as far as the eye could see. Nothing else was in sight save the long rolling waves of the Pacific, and the Cape pigeons that for six weeks had hung over the wake of our bark, with here and there the white wing of an albatross, and a new bird with the plumage of a dove. It was a grand and lonely scene, but there was life and animation on our decks, and the Cape pigeons were no doubt surprised at the unusually noisy mirth. Cheer after cheer burst from the cuddy: it was our last day at sea, and the colonists were presenting the Captain with a written testimonial of their regard. The moment was most exciting. A long voyage was drawing to a close; the land of our adoption lay on our beam, and that night we would anchor in Lyttelton Harbour. The Peninsula rose on our larboard bow. With the chart spread out on the sky light the Captain stood straight for that portion of the Canterbury Colony, but night set in as we rounded the headland under easy sail, and the anchor was let go outside the promontories of Lyttelton Harbour. I was up early next morning, but not a soul was stirring save the anchor watch,

when I stood upon the poop. The moon and stars shone with a brightness seen only in the southern hemisphere, and the vessel lay with the little waves rippling against her motionless hull. The brilliancy imparted to the atmosphere by the soft rays of the moon, which threw a long beam of light over the sea, and was reflected in a thousand sparkles by the tiny waves that rose into little pyramids around, was beautifully contrasted by the gloomy outline of Banks' hills. This light gradually changed as the night gave place to day, and the beams of the moon merged into the more glorious rays of the sun. The dark outline of the Peninsula assumed shape; the Alpine range caught the light on their snowy summits, and as the sun rose above the Pacific, the chaos of mountains took form and stretched away to the north, till lost in distance; but as I strained my eyes in following the course of these hills again, I caught sight of the most noble of them all, where the Kaikoras abut into the sea full eighty miles from where I stood: turning from the vain search for more land, the eye gladly rested on the abrupt hills of the Peninsula. Right in front lay the harbour, about one mile and a half broad, with an offshoot to the left, ("looking up") called Port Levi or Albert, a tongue of land running between like an angle, of which the apex is the promontory. The hills of the Peninsula looked small with the great range in view, but as a mass they are larger than those of either Wales or the Scottish Highlands. Near the sea they had a brown grassy look: one could see the vegetation was grass, though not green: in ravines there appeared a low bush that clothed their sides with a dark vegetation, and behind, the hills were crowned with forests. Far up the harbour lay a ship, which though seen by the naked eye, required a glass to make out her rig. The top of Banks' Peninsula was covered with snow, and the air had that delicious frosty feel, too cold to stand still in, though soon warmed into a glow by exercise. The sun shone with the brightness of the tropics, and the warmth of an English summer's day, but though he looked so warm and bright, his rays are here ever tempered by cool breezes from the Alpine range, or moist and healthful winds from the Pacific.

Again the canvass of the emigrant ship is spread to the light breath of the morning air; again she has assumed life and bustle. Mountains, plains, and the Pacific disappear as she glides into Victoria Harbour, and around her rise, in all the abrupt wildness of a highland scene, the bare and rocky hills of the bay. I cast my eye on the groups of my fellow passengers that thronged the deck, as the panorama changed for the third time that morning, and I saw wonder or dismay pictured on most faces. The view was unlike any thing they had seen, and to them gave promise only of a barren and inhospitable shore. It was strange to watch the different feelings excited in each. On one side a man glanced carelessly on the glorious hills that gave such vast space to the view, before the Peninsula shut in the ship—he saw only the career before him, he felt only the excitement of arriving at this land of promise; near him stood a woman with a tear stealing down her

cheek, though the land she gazed on had nothing in common with the land she left: it was land still, and recalled the home she had forsaken: these shores to her pointed to the past, to him they pointed to the future: both were true to nature, and stood there unconcious types of their sex. A clown gazed with open mouth, the fellow had never seen a hill, and was thunderstruck. Some were quietly packing up and gathering their things on deck, others haggled with the Steward, whilst knots of excited children loudly told each other what they could see. "I can see a ship;" "And I can see a house;" "And I can see some sheep;" where? where? In vain I looked for one where I could trace any signs of admiration for the sublime beauty of these Alpine hills, all other feelings were lost in the excitement of landing, or Nature's greatest efforts were displayed in vain to those too cold to feel at all. A boat shot down the harbour, the bow and stern were similar, both sharp, behind trailed an oar to steer, this was a whale boat, almost the only open boat used on the coast of New Zealand; she was pulled rapidly up, and men with beards, dressed in woollen shirts gathered to their waists by leather belts and round felt hats, stood upon the deck amongst our English dressed and clean shaved emigrants, and asked questions of England, which were answered, as Irishmen are said to answer by the emigrants asking questions of Canterbury. It was early in June 1851 when I landed in Lyttelton. Scarcely six months had passed since the first body had reached the Colony, and the Town was in its youngest infancy—but it was a sturdy animated infancy—there was bustle and life about the place, though V huts lined the streets, and brawling brooks ran over rough stones as they made their way through the town to the sea. Carpenters were busy erecting houses, men carrying up timber from the wharf, some were digging, some sawing, some joining, &c., boats were arriving at the wharf with sawn timber from Pigeon Bay, and the sharp sterned whale boats crossing the Bay passed the English built gigs on their way from the ships to the town. Of these ships there were two besides the one in which I had just arrived. One was an emigrant ship, the other had brought a cargo of cattle from Sydney. There was a peddling sort of brig with a cargo of notions from Australia, a regular trader on the coast, the owner a queer compound of sailor, huxter, and merchant, a yankee in manner and appearance, though an Australian by birth. Besides these, three large schooners and many small coasters lay anchored opposite the town. With one of my fellow-passengers I made my way up the hills, behind Lyttelton. A fresh breeze blew strong over the top of these hills, which excited us to action, whilst it created an appetite I in vain endeavoured to control. High up the range we had passed a shepherd's hut, and as I found my companion was as hungry as myself, I proposed we should board the hut in search of something to eat. We devoured, to the astonishment of the shepherd, all the bread laid in for the family, and made a considerable inroad into the butter. So we were obliged to procure a messenger to start for the town, that the

eager and hungry children we saw around us might not starve.

"I say," Douglas," said my companion before we had got half way back, "how do you feel?"

"Deuced hungry," I answered.

"What, you have not the impudence to confess it after demolishing the man's loaf."

Hang the fellow, he had eaten more than half himself.

"I prophecy ruin for you, and a famine for the colony if you remain; thank God, I've not got to keep you."

"I say, Amen to that, for a fellow like you will eat yourself out of house and home, much less support another."

"Begad I believe there is some truth in that," said Lloyd, "and I tremble for my prospects if provisions don't fall. Did you ever feel such wind. It seems to me to blow every thing in the shape of victuals away, and send the blood coursing through one's veins. Why I'll be hungry for ever here."

We arrived in time for dinner on board the bark, and sat down very demurely; with a little assistance we finished a leg of mutton and then it leaked out to the surprise of all who witnessed our performance, that not two hours before we had eat up the provision a shepherd had laid in for his family.

Lloyd was the son of a Norfolk Clergyman, who had some property in that country; he had been told off for the Church, but year after year passed, and Master Lloyd could still be seen mounted on his Screw, in full cry after the hounds. His father, good easy man, looked on him as a boy, and he had been a boy once—but from an English boy, by a gradual change, imperceptible to the old gentleman, he grew to be an Irish one. Lloyd found hunting more agreeable than study, and such study as Latin and Greek—so he rode his hobby, which was his nag, and consigned the Classics to cobwebs and dust. And so his train of life rolled on, till at last the Governor woke up, and, lo! the station was passed, Cambridge was out of sight, and all professional halting places gone. Lloyd rejoiced, but his father became alarmed: the young man must do something to earn his bread. It was during this dilemma of the Reverend Gentleman that the Canterbury scheme was placed before the public. He saw at once a career for his son, and eagerly embraced the opportunity. The son was easily persuaded to go and look at the Colony. 'If it won't do,' he said on taking leave of the Governor, 'I can return. Thank God, the thing can be done without the help of a musty Greek author.' He attached himself to me on the voyage, and we played innumerable games of ecarté, and got up a rubber. He was a shrewd sensible fellow in all matters of pounds, shillings, and pence, and entered with all his heart into the Colonial question—'How will it pay.'

On the following morning he roused me up. "I have got an invite for you, to visit Port Levi."

"I was not aware you knew any one there."

"Neither do I," said he, "but the gentleman, whose name I don't know asked me the moment I expressed a wish to see Akeroa. I threw in a hint for you. 'Bring him by all means' he exclaimed, 'but mind your accommodation will be of the rudest description you can conceive!'

"Do you think," I asked, "we could bring George."

"Certainly," answered Lloyd, "it is the custom of the country."

"By Jove," I exclaimed, "that's not bad. A fellow whose foot had never before been out of Norfolk pleads the custom of the Antipodes the day after he arrives."

"Aye, and adopts it too," chimed in the Captain, "when he is allowed to push himself into a gentleman's house, he brings two great hulking fellows with him, though God knows he has a twist sufficient to create a famine around him. Had I known I had such a passenger on board, I would have taken fifty tons more of dead weight."

"I wish you had taken a few live animals instead," retorted Lloyd, "but lend us the life boat."

"And pray how am I to get her back?" asked the skipper.

"I'll get some of the young ones to accompany us to the shore, to gather oysters and shoot shags —they think they are ducks," said Lloyd.

We landed on the side of the Harbour opposite Lyttleton in Rhode's Bay, and commenced the ascent of the hill passing by Mr. Rhode's house, which was perched on the mountain in a ravine, through which trickled a little rivulet. Above the house there was a patch of wood, and high up appeared a dark fringe, which I took to be a low line of bush. Snow sparkled in the clefts of the rocks, but the sun was bright and warm, the air clear and exhilerating, the wind cool and bracing, the hill was upwards of two thousand feet high, and a harder task than we bargained for. I had lately been accustomed to the Scotish highlands, and putting fern in the place of heather, the walking here was much similar, but neither of my companions had ever seen a mountain before; Lloyd was a little wiry fellow, to whom no work came amiss; George, on the contrary, was an excellent specimen of England's finest Yeomen. Tall and well built, great breadth of shoulders, depth of chest, every limb in proportion though heavy; but English-like as his figure was, there was no mistaking the face: large and round, with a fine broad forehead, bright blue eyes, white even teeth, a clear red and white complexion, and brown curly hair, all made up an open, honest Saxon face. But though he looked as if he could put Lloyd and myself, one into each pocket, and walk away with us, I knew how appearance deceived, I knew what grenadiers were in such a country, and it turned out as I expected. We walked away from him. I never heard a fellow puff up a hill as he did; it was like a steam engine behind us; we sat down to wait for him; when he arrived, he threw himself panting on the ground, but he proved there was still lots of work in him, for he bounded up as if he were made of India-rubber. This spark of electricity, the cause of which I had the curiosity to investigate, was communicated by his proximity to a little lizard, which I believe to be the only four-legged animal indigenous to New Zealand. Nothing could persuade him it was not poisonous. "Kill it, kill it, for God's sake; take care it will bite," he cried, as I took it in my hand

and placed it behind a big stone, for I saw that fright only prevented him from demolishing his tiny foe. At last I gained the top and perched myself on a high rock; frozen snow lay all around, and a deliciously cool breeze blew gently there, though it scarcely ruffled the placid waters of the bay beneath. The great plain, bounded by its noble mountains, could be seen over the lower range on the other side the harbour, and a long line of white breakers marked the beach as the big swell of the Pacific thundered on the shore. The line of bush turned out to be the commencement of a forest, and no small trees either. Fat little black birds hopped within two yards of me, and every now and then pigeons, scarcely smaller than a hen pheasant, broke from their cover, and flew over the green foliage of the woods. "This is hard work," said Lloyd, "coming up, for people who have just arrived from a voyage of a hundred days. Are these anything like the Scotch hills?"

"If you substitute," I answered, "black boggy holes for this fine vegetation on the top, and mix heather with this fern, removing the flax, and that high grass (toohi—tohi) down the slope, you will have a highland mountain."

"I say, George," cried Lloyd, "come, come up here, and look at the view."

"Dang the view," retorted George, stretching himself on the ground, regardless of lizards, and without deigning to cast an eye on one of the most magnificent sights one could conceive. After blowing there for some time, he found breath enough to express the delight a quart of bitter beer would give him.

"A quart," exclaimed Lloyd, with contempt, "a couple of gallons you mean—you old hogshead."

When the glow produced by the exertion of climbing up the hill had cooled, it became cold, and we all saw the necessity for moving. Beneath lay the valley of Port Levi and the head of the Bay, but we could see no house, nor a sign of cultivation. In vain we searched every nook and corner of the valley with our eyes, it looked boggy and bare, a patch of dead and whitening trees added to the solitariness of the scene. We were near the foot of the hill before we saw that smoke was rising from a small mound of earth just under us. Around grazed some splendid cattle. A flock of fine geese stood on the beach; cocks crowed and turkeys ruffled up their feathers; pigs grunted and dogs barked: all that was in keeping with a country house; but this house! ye gods, what a house!! "No, no," said, I "that's not it."

"Faith, if it isn't," answered Lloyd, "I don't know where it is, for there is no other in this valley."

The most lonely hut on the wildest spot of Conamara, might have proudly drawn a comparison. We, fresh from England, looked with astonishment at this dwelling-place, yet it was the abode of one of the most accomplished gentleman in New Zealand, and generally the residence of the son of an English Duke. Had we thought for a moment, we would have seen, the only way in which a new country can be colonized is by a commencement like that before us. No doubt greater means will give

greater comforts, and in avoiding the first roughing the principal hardships are got over; but when men emigrate with the first body of colonists to a new Colony, they must expect to go through all this, and if not prepared to do so, they are wrong to place themselves in such a position. As Byron says, they must be able to rough it on something less than a beef-steak and a bottle of port. The gentleman to whom the hut belonged, as soon as he had chosen his land, took his labourers to the spot, and at once erected the hoval, carried down his traps, and set to work to clear and cultivate his land, purchasing some fine cattle and a stock of poultry. Although he cheerfully endured the roughing inseparable from this, it was different with his men, who after grumbling there for a couple of months, finally left him and a cousin of his to shift for themselves. A gentleman who had chosen his section in the valley lived with them. They soon found themselves able to do without servants; they knew as the population increased, and labour became more abundant, they would get it at a less ruinous rate, particularly after they had smoothed away the greater difficulties. When the hut was made water tight, when milk, fresh meat, and butter could be procured, servants might be persuaded to live in the valley of Port Levi. There are no lessons learned so quickly as those taught by necessity; they became good plain cooks, that is, they could spoil meat like a red-faced woman who advertised under that head; they could bake bread that hungry men liked; they could milk cows, light fires, clean plates, and do all household work: washing bothered them, but it was little of it they required. At the same time they were engaged in fencing, clearing, and ditching, and comforts began to grow around there, but it required more experienced eyes than ours to discover where these comforts were.

"Now Lloyd, you have most brass," said I, "so do you go first."

But there was no necessity for our plotting, we were met at the door with a warm welcome, and soon felt ourselves at home. After tea we strolled over the valley, that is over such parts of it as we could well get. A great deal of surface water had collected on it. A few drains, and all impediments removed from the numerous streams, would soon clear that away.

The *phorium tenax*, that unerring test of good land in New Zealand, gave the place a boggy appearance, though its presence was a proof that the soil was sound. We inspected the cattle, gave our opinion on the best place to run drains, and after seeing the site our host had chosen for his house, we returned to the hut, made an equal distribution of the blankets, and selected the softest planks for our sleeping places. After breakfast next morning we started for Pigeon Bay. Passing over a small hill we found ourselves in a valley similar to that we had just crossed. A stream ran rapidly by the foot of the hill, on the other side were two houses, one considerably to the front of the other—I thought they were finishing the house in advance. It never occured to me that they were taking it to pieces previous to packing up and carrying it away, but such was the case; and on my return, when hunting for that house in the dark, I fell headlong into the

stream. The owner had taken down the roof and part of the front face, through which the sun was brightly shining on his wife, then busily engaged on her household duties. These people seemed to put great confidence in the climate, considering it was winter—a confidence I afterwards discovered it did not quite deserve. Passing along the beach we approached a native village, where a reserve had been made on the hill side for the Maoris. The beach was strewn with large stones, covered with oysters and other shell fish, the high water line was marked with innumerable fragments of shells, and the ebbtide left a large flat of unsightly mud, the deposit of these streams from the hills. Near the village we forded one of these Highland burns, into the bed of which a schooner had been drawn. This vessel was the property of the New Zealanders, they had paid a couple of hundred pounds, though they now left their purchase to rot where she lay. An old tattooed savage, when the dogs had given notice of our approach, came out of his den. "*Len-a-grie*," said we. "How do you do," returned the savage, holding out a hand cold and clammy; he was dressed in a blanket and wore a shirt underneath it, but his dirty red legs were bare far above his knee, his lips were blue, his mouth immensely large, and his nose flat—ah! he exclaimed, when he came to George, opening his great mouth and showing a row of teeth that would have adorned the jaws of a shark, and made George's blood run cold—ah! said he, again elevating his eyebrows and wrinkling his forehead, which the Maori meant as signs of admiration for George's tall figure and handsome face, but which George mistook for a desire to devour him. I did not lessen this by exclaiming—"By Jove, the old Cannibal's mouth is watering for you, George—what a regular man-eating trap." The blue lips again opened, and "Tobac" was the sound accompanied by unmistakeable signs of the four finger in the bowl of a very black clay pipe: this rather reassured our handsome man of Kent, who had felt very uncomfortable under the steady gaze of the Cannibal. Some more Maoris joined our party, all with outstretched hands and a grin on their faces, and the invariable request for tobacco. Most of them could talk English—all the young ones could. We passed through the pah, or rather village, pah being the term for a fortified place. Pigs and dogs were the most numerous inhabitants, putting fleas out of the question. The pigs were nearly all black, and looked very funny with their ears cut off quite close to their heads. Several whale boats were drawn up on the beach, and some nets made of flax were drying in the sun. The village was empty, it was the season in Pigeon Bay, whither the natives had taken flight, as their principal potatoe grounds were situated there. From this New Zealand village we began to ascend the hill which looked even higher than the one we crossed the day before, and so we found it. Peak after peak rose, though we fondly hoped that we were ascending the last. Near the summit we entered an arched avenue, the commencement of a dense forest, luckily the snow lay trodden by a foot print, otherwise we would

have been at a loss to keep the path. The cool snow beneath and the thick foliage of the trees above, combined in giving a delicious coolness to the atmosphere, which our wearied party fully appreciated; around, beneath, above was a mass of vegetation in all the vigour of youth and the decadency of age. Old trees were strewn over the ground in every stage of rottenness, some into which the foot sunk, others falling to pieces, whilst an old fellow here and there resisted all attempts to turn his hard heart, though his outside covering had long since felt the influence of the wet, and was covered with mosses and scarlet fungi, Old trees stood tottering their hour, drawing nigh; noble trunks, many feet in diameter, as if their destiny was to endure for ever, rose around us. Beneath their foliage the ground was green with a springing vegetation, on one side grew a fern tree, the most graceful of all plants, near it the nikau palm, and between them could be seen the light coloured bark of the fuchsia, rising into a tree and putting out the most lovely flowers, there in an impenetrable mass grew a quantity of brushwood, here young giants, children of the noble trees under whose shade they spring, reared their green heads, and through and about and around all twisted in every snake-like contortion the supple jack and other parasitical plants, which passing from bough to bough fell in graceful festoons, and waved about as the trees were agitated by the wind. It was a mass of vegetation springing, in vigour, decaying and decayed. We were deceived in supposing we had at last reached the top, the path still continued to wind up the hill. "We must," said I, "be on the highest peak of the range that surrounds Port Levi, these natives seem to me to carry their path over the greatest heights." I afterwards discovered there was some truth in this. As the natives before our arrival were constantly at war, their parties were led over the most commanding roads, in case of attack on the march.

The descent was very steep, trees had been felled across the path already rendered difficult enough by the roots and the slippery mire created by the melting of the snow. Every now and then the legs of one of our party would slip from under him, and he would accomplish the descent of several feet on the broad of his back till his toes or heels caught some root, when he would pick himself up in a pretty pickle, greeted with shouts of laughter. Whenever the opening of the forest allowed one to get a glimpse through the dense foliage, the view was strikingly beautiful. The deep blue of Pigeon Bay lying far below us, and on the side opposite, the steep mountain, covered with its green forests, rose from the water's edge, just enough was seen to throw a mystery over the rest and give scope to the imagination. The sweet notes of some marvellously tame birds sounded through the still woods with a pleasing melody. The scene was enchantingly beautiful, and a fairy-like effect was given by the new tones and brilliant plumage of our would-be friends. They hopped about at our feet, and seemed only to require a little encouragement to alight on our shoulders. There

sat the pigeon, who has given its name to the bay, twice the seize of those in England, clothed in his bright blue, and perched on a bough quite close, gazing quietly at us with his red rimmed eye. We shouted at it, and threw stones at it, but it would not move, till one struck the bough, and it flew to another, ten yards away, unfortunately for this tame and pretty bird he possesses a fine gamy flavour. Every one therefore is armed with fowling piece against it, and as it seems to court its fate, often waiting till some bungler has shot two or three times, its destruction will be speedy and sure. Such shooting is the lowest pot work, as well might one shoot the cock crowing around the house and call it sport. We emerged at last from the bush, as the colonists name their noble forests, and stood on the beach—rounding the point of a small bay, one of the most lovely views I ever saw lay before me. The high hills were covered to the top with dense varied and ever-green foliage, in a wave like form as the rising ground lifted up the trees or they sunk with it in ravines. No ground could be seen save where some craggy rock jutted from out the thick forest, giving the only idea of the size of the mountains. At our feet lay the blue bay, deceiving the eye as to its extent till it catches sight of a schooner looking very small on the other side. At the head of this bay stood the most romantically situated house, surrounded with a little English garden, planted with the shrubs of Europe, and sown with meadow grass, the bright green of which came out most brilliantly, relieved against the brown tints of the forests, adding beauty to the scene, and giving the charm of civilization to the wild grandeur of nature. Passing by Mrs. Sinclair's house, we continued our course to the head of the bay, we walked across the rocks, the flowing tide wetting our feet, till we came to the cottages of some sawyers. One of them engaged in cutting up fire wood left his work to have a chat with us, and do the honors of his house. The kettle simmering by the fire was at once put on, and we were asked to take some tea. The water and tea were boiled together, it was all right as long as any coloring mattea could be extracted from the leaves. When that failed fresh tea was put in. When the kettle began to sing, the tea was poured into tins. And a black substance on a plate put before us, it looked like ground pitch, but they called it sugar. Our host then kindly asked us if we would eat any thing, there is nothing so refreshing to a tired man as tea, except perhaps coffee, and though we might have turned up our noses at the tins in England, we felt very grateful for what we got where we were. We had been recommended to go to Mr. Hays, and the sawyer, who took it as a matter of course we would go there, pointed out the road. We however possessed still the absurd English feeling, of disliking to present ourselves to a gentleman whom we had only heard of the day before, and demand food and lodging, our dirty appearance being anything but a good recommendation. The custom of the country however, rather reassured us, so pushing Lloyd with his stock of brass to the front, we made up the best faces and bold-

ly knocked, but we might have saved ourselves the screwing up, and Lloyd's stock of brass was again found useless, the servant quietly showed us into a room, and proceeded to light a fire, as if we had long been expected by the family. Congratulating ourselves, we set to work to examine this New Zealand apartment, lined as it was on every side with wood, it looked like a large box, the timber was Totarra, a most beautiful furniture wood. It was oiled but not polished. A fine block formed the chimney piece. I thought as I looked at the beautiful vein of this wood what a splendid appearance it would give a diningroom panneled and highly polished. A large and solid table of red pine stood in the centre of the room, the red pine is also a furniture wood taking nearly as high a polish as Totarra. I had scarcely made these remarks before Mrs. Hay came in, and shaking hands welcomed us to her house—nothing could be better calculated to set us at our ease, after this, in any other country, impertinent intrusion, than her kind and homely manner, and we could scarcely help smiling at the desperate courage to which we had wound ourselves up before entering the house. Mr. Hay gave us an equally kind welcome, and we were soon chatting about our voyage and the Colony. I afterwards put their hospitality many times to the test. I found each visit but increase the cordiality of my reception, and I saw that though all were received kindly, they had a warmer welcome for their friends. Mr. Hay had emigrated under the auspices of the New Zealand Company, and was one of the early settlers in the country. Finding the land that fell to his lot mere bog. He threw it up, and coasting round the Islands, he choose the spot where he was now settled. He had a hard battle to get the land orders transferred, but this was finally arranged to his satisfaction. And he had now the pleasure of seeing his calculation was right, and a large settlement growing around him. The Messrs. Deans and Mr. Rhodes and Sinclair were similar cases: singularly enough, all Scotch men, but only adding to the many proofs that the greatest energy, foresight, and perseverence are to be found in the people of that nation. Few ever had their hospitality put to such severe treat as these old settlers. Independent of the annoyance of having a constant succession of strangers in one's house, provisions were then at a famine price, and the tax on their pockets as heavy as that on their patience. Guest succeeded guest in endless variety. All had been entertained by one or other of them, from the tinker and the tailor to the soldier and the sailor, but it was borne with the most magnanimous patience, and the last received as kindly as the first. Mrs. Hay one day mentioned a case—when I asked her how she could submit to what, to me, I confessed, would have been an intolerable annoyance, of one man entering her house, ordering the servant to light a fire and pull off his boots, but on the following morning, the coolness of this, which had rather astonished them, accustomed as they were to it in a more modified form was explained by his calling for his bill. The distance from Pigeon Bay to Akeroa is about sixteen miles, but as Akeroa Bay runs seven miles nearer Pi-

geon Bay, beyond the village, that part can be done in a boat. After breakfast next morning we started. A quarter of a mile above the house the path entered the woods, continuing in the valley for four miles. A stream ran though it, and seemed to play at cross purposes with the path. It was perpetually charging through our road, ten times we waded it up to our knees, but there it was bubbling before us. "Thank God," said George, "this is the last of it, for the hill rises here."

"I was not aware," said I, walking into the water after him, "that you were so fond of hills."

"One has no choice," returned he, "it is from the frying pan into the fire."

"Oh!" I see, exclaimed Lloyd, observing the way in which George perspired, "you look upon yourself as a wet blanket, a regular fire extinguisher, and therefore prefer the fire to the frying pan."

To this George made no answer, his breath, though liberally expended after the manner of a porpoise, was too precious to be thrown away in words. He felt he had the hill to climb, and experience told him what it was. Commencing the ascent, we emerged from the forest, fern covered the ground, but before a third of the night had been gained, we again entered the woods. When I looked back to the bay, I saw we had ascended considerably more than I expected, the rise of the valley being greater than it appeared. An endless view of tree-tops lay before us, behind us, and on each side. Crowning the amphi-theatre of hills which stretched down the bay, and losing their woody character ran into the sea bare, grassy and bluff promontories. It struck me that the tops of the hills in New Zealand, unless very high, are as fertile as the vallies. Where in England at a similar height nothing could be produced, a dense vegetation covered the ground, and trees towered up into the sky, beside which our oldest oaks would dwindle into insignificence. The white and red pine rose conspicuously, and the noble Totarra reared his brown head, varying the tints of the forest. The two former are very useful, the first being light and easily worked but not lasting, the second, heavy, hard and long enduring, but breeding a maggot which injures it, and the Totarra being soft and therefore easily worked, lasting and beautiful in appearance. The white and red pine, as they are called in New Zealand are not, I believe, truly pines, though the foliage is something similar. The bark of the Totarra is used by the natives to cover their houses, nailed on the frame work as boards, but when thus stript the tree dies. They destroy the trees in the most reckless way, but reckless as they are, they are babies compared to the sawyers— One of these men would empty the ashes of his pipe into dry fern, with the most perfect indifference, and burn a thousand acres of wood. It was with the greatest difficulty Mr. Hay saved his house. The forests around being on fire for months, travelling before the wind, sending flaming balls through the air, now approaching till he lost all hope, then retreating, the scene lit up at night, and volumes of smoke hanging over the hills during the day, and all this was occasioned by the carelessness of one of the men working in the bay. The inhabitants of Akeroa were once at their

wits end, and in despair — because months before a sawyer choose to warm his hands in Germain's Bay, nearly two miles from the village, but he then lit a fire that it took nature six months to put out. In every direction the trees are seen scorched and blackened, and it often astonished me to see a tree half burned surrounded by others uninjured. Large stones and blocks of rock impeded our path, though they seemed no impediment to the vegetation. We had descended some distance before we caught a glimpse of the bay; at last we came to a little plateau, where grew a stupendous Totarra, and through a fine opening we saw the water of this lovely harbour. On such a spot in England would be placed a summer house or at least a seat, and the old Totarra would have witnessed many scenes of gaiety, and many a pic-nic feast would have been spread in the shade beneath his branches. In the youth of the tree the Maori war-party halted on this spot, on their way to or from a cannibal feast. Now the settler sits down there to eat his bread and pork; but the day will come when jolly parties will drink their champagne under the canopy of its foliage. And now I have fairly arrived at the bay of Akeroa, one of the finest harbours in New Zealand, and one of the most beautiful in the world. By the mail of the 24th June, some English paper, which I believe to be the *Times*, mentioned as news brought by the *Vienna* from Sydney, that the settlement of Canterbury was deserted, Wellington and Auckland were nearly in the same condition, and at Van Dieman's land a similar result was expected. The remarks on this, which I noticed in the *Atlas for India*, are scarcely worth quoting, for the *news* on which they are founded is simply untrue. I have later news from the Colony than any thing that could have reached England, and from England this country, and I have been surprised by the small number who have emigrated from Canterbury to the diggings. Canterbury is most unfortunate in being just founded before the gold fields were discovered, because men had not time to settle down, accumulate property, and acquire a great interest in the colony. It therefore would seem that in the nature of things a greater emigration should take place from Canterbury than from any other settlement, but such as yet has not been the case. In the remarks in the *Atlas*, again it is accounted that Canterbury can produce nothing exportable—how shameful it is that men should write in utter ignorance or write wilful lies. Either one or the other must be the case, as the settlement is singularly well adapted for producing the best export which these colonies can grow—wool. I believe that the gold fields of Australia will produce a crisis in the settlement of Canterbury, as in that of all the older settlements, but I feel certain that the colony of New Zealand will bound elastically over it, and the onward progress will be on firm ground. So sure am I of this, that I look upon such a crisis as the proper time to emigrate and invest money in these Islands. If New Zealand be deserted by its English labourers, farewell to all hope of prosperity in Australia. When a labourer leaves a thriving settlement where he is comfort-

ably placed, and earns very high wages, migrates again fifteen hundred miles to be mixed up with a band of ruffians, what chance have settlements in the neighbourhood of this pandemonium inducing their labourers to stay. Not all the thousands now shipping from England, not the great influx from California and all the Islands of the Pacific—nor the desertion of the other settlements, can then save the colonies of Australasia from ruin. Is gold the real wealth of nations? No, only the type, the representation of that wealth, and if all labour be withdrawn from its legitimate occupation, this wealth must go, for it is created and supported by that labour, leaving its representative behind. The colonies will revert to barbarism, gilded by this gold, but it will be the barbarism of demoralized civilization. All healthy occupation gone, and with it all law, leaving a feverish spirit of gambling and even life at the mercy of every low demagogue who can sway the sword. But if, on the contrary labour can be retained in Australia, and held to its proper functions, will any one tell me, that labour cannot be retained also in New Zealand? And for what will labour be retained? To grow that which can be grown as well or better in New Zealand. Therefore in every respect these latter islands have the advantage. I look upon New Zealand as the barometer of Australasia. When a great emigration sets thence to Australia, the glass is falling, and when that glass is very low, one may well look for a hurricane of ruin.



Selections and Translations.

FABLIAUX.

The Ass' Legacy.*

Whoever desires to be honored by the world and to follow the example of those who aim at possessing great riches, will meet in this life with much annoyance, for many are the evil speakers who will lightly do him an injury, and yet more numerous are the envious. Let him be ever so fair and courteous, of ten persons seated at his table six of them will be backbiters and nine of them envious. Behind his back they do not value him an egg, though before his face they do him reverence and bow the head. How then should not those envy him who do not profit by him, when those of his own household are not true or stable? It cannot be otherwise—it is even so. I will prove this to you by a Priest, who had a good Church, and whose only care was to perform the service and to amass wealth. To this he applied his whole understanding. Enough had he of cloth and money, and his granaries were full of corn, which he well knew how to sell, and for the sale would wait from Easter to St. Remi (October 1st) nor could his best friends extort any thing from him, but by force. An ass had he in his house, but such an ass never man saw. For twenty years had it served him, and never was there seen such a slave. This ass at length died of old age, after adding greatly to his master's wealth. So dear did the Priest hold his carcase that he would not suffer it to be flayed, but buried it in the cemetery.

The Bishop was of a different character. Neither niggardly nor covetous was he, but courteous and polished. His hall was always full of guests, and not at all a bad table did he keep. Whatever the master wished, none of the attendants ever disputed. Greatly, however, was he in debt, for he lavished his money too freely. One day the good man had much company, and they talked of rich Clerks and of avaricious and miserly Priests, who offer neither gifts nor honor to Bishop or Seignior. Then the Priest was named who was so rich and well to do, and his life was soon told as they pleased, and they imputed to him more wealth than any three could possess. And they said, moreover, that he had done a thing, on account of which money might well be extracted from him. "And what has he done?" asked the master of the house. "He has done worse than a Bedoween," they replied, "for he has buried his ass Baldwin in consecrated ground." "Cursed be his life," cried the Bishop, "if this be true. Cursed be he and his riches. Walter, let him be summonsed. We

* C'est li Testament del'Asne. This trifle, consisting of 170 lines in the original, is due to the fertile imagination of the *trouvère* Rutebeuf.

will hear the Priest reply to what Robert alleges against him. And so help me God, if it prove true, I will inflict a fine." "You may hang me," said the other, "if it be not true what I have told you, and never has he made you any offering."

The summons was issued, and the Priest appeared, for he needs must answer to his Bishop respecting the affair of which he was accused. "False, disloyal man, enemy of God, where have you buried your ass?" demanded the Bishop. "Great scandal have you caused to our Holy Church; was ever such a thing heard of as that an ass should be buried among Christian folk! By Mary the Egyptian, if this be proved against you, I will put you in prison, for never did I hear of such an offence." Then the Priest replied, "Fair, gentle sir, any word may be spoken, but I demand a day for deliberation, for it is only fair that I should take advice regarding this affair. But do not unjustly condemn me for this act, for it is a thing incredible." So the Priest departed from the Bishop, but not at all pleased was he, though he did not allow himself to despond, for he knew that he had a good friend in his purse that would not fail him in the hour of need.

While fools sleep, the appointed time comes round, so did it with him. Twenty livres of good money the Priest took with him in a purse, nor thought had he of hunger or thirst. When the Bishop saw him appear, he could not refrain from crying aloud, "Priest, have you found good counsel, or have you recovered your senses?" "Sir," answered the other, "counsel have I found, but marvel not if I do not avail myself of it. Better is it to ease my conscience and to do penance, either in person or in property, if you deem me worthy of blame." Then the Bishop approached near to him, so that they could converse mouth to mouth, and the Priest raised his face and looked up, but he held the money beneath his cope, for he feared to show it before all the by-standers. Then he began to excuse himself and to say, "Sir, it needs no long tale. My ass lived to a great age, and many a good crown did he bring me. Loyally and truly he served me for twenty long years. If God assoil me, any one might gain twenty sous, for he had laid bye twenty livres to deliver his soul from Hell. These he left to you by Will." And the Bishop answered and said, "May heaven receive him, and pardon his misdeeds and all the sins he ever committed."

Thus, as you have heard, Bishops love rich Priests and soon teach them to bring their offerings. Rutebeuf teaches you that he who has money in the hour of need is in no danger of bonds, and even his ass becomes a Christian.

The Bag full of Sense.*

Jehans li Gallois tells that there lived in the domain of the Count de Nevers a rich citizen, who was both prudent and courteous. This citizen was a merchant and very fortunate at fairs. Wise was he and experienced, and he had a wife of great worth, the fairest in the land, nor could any one find her fellow, let him seek where he would. The dame held her husband very dear, as he did her, only that he had a mistress whom he affected and to whom he presented fine robes. His wife came to find this out, for she had observed him frequently going to and fro, so that she could not refrain from saying to her lord, "Fair, sir, most dishonorably do you act by me. Have you no shame?"

* De la Bourse pleine de Sens, in 432 lines, by Jehans li Gallois d'Aubepierre, of whom nothing more is known, than that he was a cotemporary of Rutebeuf.

"Of what, dame?" "Of what! Take care, sir, for you keep a worthless slut who disgraces and befools you. Every body talks of it, for it is known to all the town, and they say that God loveth you not, nor His Mother, nor His Peers." "Be silent, dame," he replied. "There is no truth in it, but people are given to evil speaking." Then he left her wrathful and in anger, and went into the castle, which was well and beautifully situated. I know no town with a more pleasant site than this of Dysise,* for it stands in an islet of the Loire.

Now this citizen had to go to a fair at Troyes in Burgundy; so the dame, fearing to be put to open shame, sent for him to come to the house. Enough did she talk to him of one thing and another, and severely rebuked him. But little he cared for such schooling, and he made light of it. The dame soon perceived that her remonstrances were of small avail, and that he paid no heed to them. So it happened on the morrow that her husband rose betimes, and ordered his palfrey to be saddled and his horses to be harnessed to his wagons, which were loaded with goods. As soon as he had started them, he came back to speak unto his wife. "Tell me, fair dame," quoth he, "what jewels for your person will you that I bring you from the good fair of Troyes? Or wish you for wimples or girdles, gold tissue, rings for the fingers or for the ears? I shall not be niggardly towards you of any thing I can find." "Sir," she replied, "by the faith I owe St. Peter and St. Paul, I will not ask of you any thing except it be a bag full of sense." "Willingly will I bring it you," said Sir Renier, "you shall have it, cost what it may."

It was in the month of August that Sir Renier parted from Dame Phelise, and went to the fair at Troyes. There he found merchants from Blois who bought up all his goods. And when he had sold them, he took care without delay to reload his cars—but not, in truth, with tow. Goblets and cups of gold and silver with no lack of cloth, stuffs of engrained scarlet, fine Persians,† and good wool from Bruges and St. Omer. No one could tell or count the goods he piled in ten wagons. A marvellous great sum they cost, and to each load there was a man to guide the team. So he commended them to God the King, and they took their leave and set out upon their way and journeyed homewards by the straight high road. Now hear how void of sense was Sir Renier—not more intoxicated would he have been had he drunk of Cyprus wine. So he went to the Halle at Ypres, holding a staff in his hand. And he bethought him of his mistress and bought her a robe of Persian,—for his judgment had turned upside down,—and he folded it into a parcel. Then he rolled it up and fastened it behind him on his jet-black palfrey, nor did he mean that any one should know when he gave it to his leman. He then proceeded along the main street till he came to his quarters, where he dismounted and took off his cloak and delivered his palfrey to his servant, whose name was Geoffrey. Here he remembered his wife's request, who had asked of him a bag full of sense, but he knew not in what manner to accomplish this. As he looked before him he beheld his host, whose name was Alexander, and he said to him: "Sir, know you any place where they sell a bag full of sense? If so, I prithee, acquaint me." Thereon his host pointed out to him a Mercer from a distant land. "I think," quoth he, "that that man hath some." Straightway Sir Renier betook him to the Mercer, who instantly replied that he had none, but sent him to a spice merchant from Savoy, who had grown bald from age. So Sir Renier went to him and told him what he sought. But the other

* A small town 8 leagues from Nevers, situated in an island formed by the confluence of the Airow and the Loise—the Decetia of Julius Cæsar.

† An old fashioned kind of silk.

swore to him and said that never in all his life had he heard of such an article. Then he departed pensive and sad, and in his displeasure threw himself on a seat beneath a tree, and vowed that he would look no more for it either behind him or before. When lo! there came along the road an aged merchant from Galicia. "Are you in want," said he, "of liquorice, aniseed, ginger, or cinnamon? Or what seek you from this Savoy merchant?" "Sir," he answered, "I ask not for liquorice, or cloves, or any other spice, but a bag full of sense, on account of which I am in sad perplexity. Know you where it is for sale?" "Right well, and readily will I teach you how to get it, so that you need enquire no further for it. But tell me, have you a wife?" "Yes, and a Knight's daughter, wise, courteous, and discreet." "Ah! you have then a mistress too, which grieves her, have you not?" "You say, sooth, fair sir."

Then the good man began to reason with him on the folly of his ways and to say: "Tell me now without falsehood, are you taking any thing back for your mistress?" "I will tell you the truth," he replied, "I have bought her a beautiful robe of fine Persian, than which there is none better between this and Cyprus?" The old man was debonair and said, "You must do otherwise than you propose. Disgraced will you be if you do not weigh in your mind what I am about to advise you, and which will not give you much trouble. Depart from hence and follow after your goods. When you shall have arrived near your own house, leave your robe and your horse with one who will be sure to restore them, and put on a garment full of holes and in tatters, so that your elbows peep through. Enter your mistress' house by night and tell her that you have lost all your property, and that nothing remains to you. You wish therefore to lodge with her that night, and in the morning you will go away before daylight, so that no one may recognize you. If she welcome you kindly and console you, well does she deserve the robe. But be sure not to remain an instant if she be proud and haughty, as is usual with such creatures, and refuse to admit you. Thus you will clearly perceive that you have ill employed your time, and that in vain have you incurred trouble and expence for her in bygone days. Then set out on the road to your own house and enter into it, and when your wife has come to meet you, tell her of your discomfort without showing any signs of joy and pleasure. You will find her, methinks, far more courteous than the courtezan. But whatever she may say, she is your wife. Guard your own body, and think of your soul. Go, and do as I advise you. I commend you to God."

Then they parted from one another, and Renier mounted his horse. It was late before he came to Dysise on the Loire, and he fain would prove his mistress that very day and reward her according to her merits. He therefore rode on full fast, at a sharp trot and ambling, until he overtook his wagoners. "Sirs," said he, "you must take care of my palfrey, my robe, and my servant Geoffrey, for I must execute something that nearly concerns me." He then stripped off his robe and put on a ragged garment not worth three deniers. In this guise went Sir Renier, nor did he stop until he reached Dysise. By night he entered the town, nor did he wish that any one should see him, but straightway he betook him to the house of his mistress, who was not yet asleep, for she had just laid her down. So he came and knocked at the door, and she arose and opened it. Then he entered the house and beheld her. And when a light was kindled, she looked at him and asked why he was dressed in such rags. "Fair sister," he replied, "believe me, I have lost all that I had. To-morrow before daylight, so that no one perceive me, I will flee into some strange land." "Go and seek a lodging elswhere,"

she cried, "there is no help for it." "Alas! fair gentle sister, you used to love me so well and to call me Friend and Lord, be not then so harsh to me now." "Fair sir, by ill-fortune, I care little for your reasonings."

When he had received this answer, Renier left the house, and to his own home he went and called aloud. His wife heard him, and greatly she rejoiced; and she ran like a wise and prudent woman to open the door without another word. Upstairs she led her lord, whom she loved better than all the world, and he said to her like one distraught, "Dame, I have lost all I took to the fair as much as if it had fallen into the Loire. Alas! what will they do to whom I am indebted. Never will they be paid by me, for I have it not in my power." The dame beheld him thus down cast and heard him upbraiding himself. "Sir," she made haste to reply, "take courage. Were it ten thousand livres, you would yet be able to acquit yourself of it. Be of good cheer, and summon up a stout heart. Sell all my inheritance, vineyards, woods, meadows, domains, mills, and corn houses, and lands, robes and jewels, great and small, willingly do I give them up. But this dress you have on is not comely—take it off and put on this robe of miniver which you have not worn since the winter. Clothe yourself and be comforted. God be praised, you have still more than any one in the town. Neither at Montpellier nor at St. Giles is there a wealthier citizen than yourself. So lay aside your grief and cheer up." Then she arrayed him like a king and set before him to eat. And when they had supped at their leisure, they laid them down and rested till the morrow's dawn.

As soon as the people of the town were up, the news was spread abroad by the wench, that Sir Renier had returned as ragged as any vagabond, on foot, without shield or lance, and that every one, male or female, would assuredly lose all in which they had become bound for him. Then they arose and went to visit the citizen, and he made them all sit down, and showed them his losses. "Sirs," said he, "it is very clear that I have lost mine all, but this I could easily bear had there been nothing belonging to others; but on this account am I discomforted that of others' property there is so much." They all refrained from making answer, but they consulted with one another, gently whispering in the ear: "Truly we are in an evil plight, and mocked by this man. Ill shall we be guided by him, and in an evil hour did we first behold him."

Whilst they were in this affright, they beheld Geoffrey approach leading the palfrey in his right hand and his own hack in the left. Behind him came the wagoners. Symons, Aliaumes, and Gautier observed them and said to one another: "Whose horses and wagons are those that are coming over yon bridge?" "I know not," answered Guillaume. "Nor I," said Aliaumes. When Renier saw they were thus nigh at hand, he addressed his townsmen and said, "Very anxious are you to know to whom these belong. By the God who created this world, they are mine and all that is within them. Let none of you then be doleful, for I can pay you all, nor need you be dismayed. I will recount to you the whole truth. I went to the Fair at Troyes. When I had finished my business and had set out on my way home, I remembered me of Mabille, a lass of this town, whom I used to love *par amors*. Now hear how the affair turned out. When I bethought me of Mabille, I went into the Halle at Ypres and purchased for the wench a robe of Persian, such as is not in all Cyprus. Then I sought to buy a bag full of sense. I found it and brought it back with me and still have it. When I had done this, I held on my way and went straight to my wagoners, to whom I delivered my palfrey, my robe, and my servant Geofrey. Then I put on a shabby garment in which were many holes, for I had devised a goodly fraud.

By night I entered the town and went at once to Mabille's house, feigning that I suffered much from cold. But when she saw me so ill clad and I told her that I was altogether beggared, and she observed that I was soiled with dirt, she turned me out of her house. I went forth and came where I was better known and where, thank God, I was well received. The robe that I intended for the wench is still mine, and the dame within here shall have it, and far more grateful will she prove than the other." And when his wife heard this, greatly she rejoiced. "Sir," she exclaimed, "Ahen! Ahen! you have found the sense I asked of you—in good truth have you found it." Then great cheer did the citizen make that day.

Jehans li Gallois concludes his lay by cautioning all those who are of light and fickle disposition against placing any confidence in women like Mabille, who are sure to desert them in adversity, for they are only bent on deceiving foolish men, and have neither truth, love, nor loyalty.

Are You there?*

There were formerly two brothers without father or mother or other relations. Poverty was their nearest friend, and often was she in their company. No disease clings to one half so close. These brothers dwelt together. One night they were sore distressed by hunger and thirst and cold—evils that generally attend in the train of poverty. So they began to consider how they could struggle against the destitution that beset them, and oftentimes rendered them ill at ease. Hard by their hovel lived a man renowned for his riches. While they were so poor, the wealthy fool had good store of cabbages in his garden and many sheep in his out-houses. They went in that direction together, for poverty drives many a man to sin. The one took a sack over his shoulder, and the other held a knife in his hand. Together they entered the grounds. One of them turned into the garden and straightway began to cut down the cabbages. The other betook himself to the sheep fold and, opening the door, felt about for the fattest† sheep. But the folk in the house heard him lift the latch. So the good man spoke to his son and said: "Go, look into the garden and see if there be any one there—and if you see nothing call the dog. Now, the dog's name was *Are-you-there*, but it happened that night that he was not in the yard. Then the lad peeped out and opened the court-yard door and cried aloud, "*Are-you-there! Are-you-there!*" He in the sheepfold answered, "Yes, truly I am here." It was dark and gloomy and impossible to see from whom came the voice, so the lad believed in his heart that it was the dog that spake. Not long did he wait, for he rushed into the house in great dismay. "What is the matter with you, fair son?" asked the father. "Sir," he replied, "by the faith I owe my mother, *Are-you-there!* spoke to me." "What! our dog!" "Yes, by my troth, and if you do not believe me, go yourself and call to the dog, and you will hear him with your own ears." The good man went into the yard to see the marvel and called out "*Are-you-there!* Are-you-there?" The other not seeing any one, again answered: "Yes, truly I am here." Then he was indeed astonished and exclaimed: "By all the saints and martyrs, my son, I have heard of many wonderful things, but of none to equal this. Go quickly and tell this miracle to the Priest, and let him not forget his stole and some holy water."

* *Est tu-la*, an absurd story in 142 lines.

† *Cras*, afterwards *gras*, from the Latin *crassus*.

The lad made haste and ran straight to the Priest's house and asked for the good father. "Sir," said he, "come directly to our house to hear great marvels. Never were the like heard. And put your stole around your neck." "You must be a fool," quoth the Priest, "to expect me to go out with bare feet; besides I cannot walk." The other instantly replied, "If you will come, I will carry you." Then the Priest took his stole and without more ado mounted on the shoulders of the lad, who took the nearest way and fell into the path that led to those who were plundering his father's goods. He who was gathering cabbages saw the Priest's dress whitening in the gloom, and fancied that it was his companion bringing some booty. So he asked with great glee, "Do you bring any thing?" "Faith, yes," answered the other, thinking it was his father who spoke. "Throw him down then," rejoined the thief. "My knife is very sharp, for I had it ground yesterday at the forge. I will soon cut his throat." When the Priest heard these words, he deemed himself betrayed, and sprung down to the ground and fled away with all his might. But his surplice caught on a stake, so that he left it behind him, nor did he stop to loosen it. He who was stealing the cabbages was not less amazed than he who fled, he knew not for what. Nevertheless he went up to the white thing he saw on the stake and found it was a surplice. At the same moment his brother came out of the fold with a whole sheep on his shoulders, and called to his comrade who had now filled his sack with cabbages. Both were well loaded, and they hurried back to their home, which was nigh at hand. Then did he exhibit his prize, who had gained the surplice. And much did they laugh and joke, for laughter was once more in their power. Thus in a brief space it comes to pass that they laugh in the morning who wept over night, and they mourn in the evening who in the morning were joyous and blithe

The three Hunch-backs.*

Once upon a time in a certain town, there lived a citizen who fared sumptuously every day—a handsome man was he, and his friends were the highest burgesses of the city, but he had not much wealth. This citizen had a daughter so beautiful that it was a pleasure to look upon her. Never did Nature create a fairer thing. Of her beauty I have no intention to speak, for were I to take in hand to set it forth, I might easily err, and it is better to be silent than to say what is not true. In the same town there dwelt a hunchback—never was there such a misshapen thing. Well furnished was he with head. He was the reverse of every thing usual, so exceedingly ugly was he. A huge head he had and a monstrous jowl, a short neck and broad high shoulders. All his life he had devoted to the accumulation of wealth. Indeed he was almost too rich, if peradventure all be true. Not another such a wealthy man was there in all that town. For the money he had amassed they gave him the damsel who was so fair. But after he had married her, never was he a day without thinking of her great beauty, and so jealous he became that he had no repose. All day was his door closed, nor would he let any one enter unless he came on matters of business. Thus every day he sat at the threshold, until it happened one Christmas-day that three hunched-backed minstrels came up to him and said, that they desired

* Des Trois Boçus, a tale in 296 lines by Durand, a Trouvère of the 13th century. The translation is here and there slightly compressed.

to hold this festival with him, for there was no house in the town where they could more suitably hold it, seeing that he was like unto them and as crooked as themselves. Then he conducted them upstairs, for the door was approached by steps. When the dinner was made ready, all seated themselves at table. The fare was good and plentiful, for the host was no niggard. So he feasted his guests and they had capons with "pois au lart." And when the repast was over, he gave to each twenty sous Parisis (equal to 25 sous Tournois), but he forbade them ever again to come to his house or be seen within its precincts, for, if ever he caught them, they should have a cruel bath in the cold water of the river. The house stood on the banks of a river that was broad and deep. And when the hunch-backs heard him, they took their leave with alacrity and joyful mien, for well contented were they with the day they had spent.

Soon afterwards the master of the house went out and passed over the bridge. Then the dame, who had heard the minstrels singing and making merry, sent after them to fetch them back; and when they had returned, she carefully closed the door. While the minstrels sang and diverted the dame, behold! her lord, who had made no long stay, came back and proudly called at the door. She at once recognised his voice, but knew not what in the world to do with the hunch-backs or how to conceal them. Now, beside the fire place there stood an old bedstead in which they used to keep their wood, and it was divided into three coffers, in each of which she hid a hunch-back. Then her lord entered and seated himself near the dame, though he made no long tarry, but soon rose up again and went out. Little did she grieve to see her husband go away, for much did she wish to let out the three minstrels whom she had shut into the lockers. But when she raised the lids they were all dead! Aghast was she to see this. To the door she quickly ran and called a porter who was passing bye.

The man, when he heard her voice, hastily came up and delayed not. "Friend," said she, "listen to me. If you will pledge me your faith never to accuse me of any thing you may hear, rich shall be your guerdon. Thirty livres of good deniers will I give you, when you shall have executed my behests." When the porter heard this proposition, he readily plighted his word, for he longed for the money, and with quick step he sprang up the stairs. The dame then opened one of the lockers and said; "Friend, be not dismayed. Carry this corpse to the river for me, if you wish to do me a service." And she handed him a sack and into it he thrust the hunch-back, and lifted it on his shoulders. Thus he hastened down the steps and went running to the river, to the great bridge in front of the house, and threw the hunch-back in, nor longer tarried but hurried back. Meanwhile the dame had dragged out of the bedstead with great labor and difficulty another of the bodies, and then retired a little from the spot. On this the porter returned, leaping for joy, and cried aloud: "Dame, pay me, for I have delivered you from the dwarf." "How dare you mock at me, sir villain fool!" she exclaimed. "The dwarf has already come back, so that you could not have thrown him into the water. Doubtless you brought him back with you. See, there he lies." "How! What is this? A hundred foul devils! Has he then come back! Truly do I marvel, for he seemed unto me as one dead. He must be a devil and an anti-Christ, but, by St. Remi, it shall not avail him."

Then he seized hold of the second hunch-back and forced him also into a sack, and raised him on his shoulders. From the house he hurried forth, while the dame drew out the other corpse and laid it in front of the fire, and then went to the door. This time the porter flung his burden into the water head downwards. "Go," he cried, "and curses

on you if ever you come out again." Then he made all haste back to the mistress of the house and asked her to pay him, and she said she would do so, and walked towards the fire-place as if she knew nothing of the third hunch-back, who was lying stretched out there. "Behold a strange marvel!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Who ever heard the like? The hunch-back has again returned!" The man laughed not when he saw the corpse lying before the fire. "Who ever knew such a minstrel?" he groaned forth. "Am I to do nothing else all this day but carry about that villanous hunch-back! Twice already have I found him here, after throwing him into the water."*

Then he shoved the third one into a sack and flung him fiercely on his back, full of anger and vexation, and wrath; and he turned and rushed down the steps and pitched his burden into the river. "Go to the ever living Wicked One," he cried. "So often have I carried thee to-day, that if ever I set eyes on thee again, too late wilt thou come to repentance. I verily believe that thou hast bewitched me, but, by the God who made me, if thou followest me any more, and I find a stick or stake, I will give thee on the nape of the neck that of which thou shalt long wear the red mark." After uttering these words he returned, and was mounting the steps when he looked behind him and beheld the master of the house following close after him. The good man thought to himself that it was no longer a joke. Thrice he crossed himself and muttered, "In the name of the Lord, help me O God." Greatly his spirit quailed within him. "Faith, he is mad to follow so close upon my heels. By the wheel of St. Morant, he takes me for a peasant and thinks that I can carry him as often as he chooses to be carried." Then he ran, and with both hands seized a huge pole that was hanging over the door. The master had nearly reached the landing place. "How now, Sir Hunch-back," cried the porter, "turn back, I say. By the body of Our Holy Mother, you shall not come this way, you must fancy me a silly clown." With that he lifted up the pole and gave him such a blow on the head that all his brains were scattered. He struck him down dead upon the steps and forced him into a sack and fastened the mouth of it with a cord. Hurriedly he ran into the street and pitched him into the river. "Go down to the Evil One!" he exclaimed. "More secure indeed do I now feel that thou wilt not return than that the woods will put forth leaf."

To the dame then he went and demanded payment, for well had he executed her behest. No longer did she hesitate but promptly paid him thirty good livres without any deduction, and well pleased was the bachelor with the bargain—and so, in truth, was she, for she deemed it a good day's work that he had delivered her from her husband who was so ugly, Satisfied was she that as long as she lived, she would have no more trouble from him.

* In the original *eue* hence our word *ewer*.

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The time has now come when the public health in India must be more attentively considered with a view to its preservation and improvement. Notwithstanding the number of Medical Gentlemen employed in the Country, it is a well known fact that hundreds of our Countrymen are annually consigned to an early grave, or compelled to return to England with shattered constitutions; no class of people on earth are so physicked—aye—and physicked with *poison* too—and yet with hundreds of Doctors within the three Presidencies—and medicines innumerable—the mortality in India is greater than in any other of our Colonies. The average age to which persons live in this country is 40 years. Another startling fact is, that one-half of all the children born of European parents in India, die before they reach their fifth year, and in many unhealthy Stations a large portion of these die within the first year.

What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon ; it is then termed *venous* blood. When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson ; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle : hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the 'Hollowayen System.' Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences and most pleasuring are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system are of admirable use as a *preventive ; but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism ? It is a painful disease, affecting the joitns and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, " I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs !" Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain ? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive ; you go in this state under a punkha or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system become a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky and you feel pain, and you exclaim, " what a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act ? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs ; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—" you

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